

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1838.

NUMBER 12.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

At No. 16 Merchants' Exchange,

BY EUSTIS PRESCOTT & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States. No subscription received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods and on payment of dues. Money may be paid at the risk of the Publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of letter, date of mailing, &c. entered on his memorandum book.

Letters, unless post paid or enclosing a remittance from which the postage may be paid, will not be taken from the Post-Office.

PRINTED BY GARVIN & ROGERS.

THE CONSTELLATION.

LINES

Presented with a Miniature.

As from the tree beside the stream,
Its shadow sleeps upon her breast,
Where glowing in the solar beam,
The sky and amber cloudlets rest;
Its blossoms too, all fill the wave
Which, gently in their welcome, heaves,
While far across, the lyral stave
Breathes from the nestler in its leaves:
Thus on, till winds autumnal cover
Her surface, with dead foliage over.
So falls the tracery of him
Who fain would be forever nigh,
For Friendship's ray is not so dim,
It may not next thy pure heart lie;
That transcript of the other Heaven,
Sway'd by the gentle tremor oft,
Affection's *flowery* words have given,
And mellowing their murmur soft.
Wear it till life lone lowers around him,
When body and soul, thine arms surround him.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

DR. ALEXANDER PITCAIRNE.—This eminent physician, who died in 1713, is yet remembered most distinctly in Scotland for his strong Jacobinism, his keen wit, and his professional eminence. He studied originally in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the Republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirizing them in verse. Bull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they had once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule this practice, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for them to pass over unnoticed; and in the spirit of resentment, an answer was returned, to this effect, that, "search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one precedent of a degree of Doctor having been ever conferred upon a horse; although, in the instance of one Dr. Pitcairne, it appeared that a diploma had once been conferred on an ass!"

GARRICK.—Mrs. Clive was an eminent actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance; she never forgave him, and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude, and violent in her temper, and spared nobody. One night, as Garrick was performing King Lear, she stood behind the scenes to observe him, and in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected, that she sobbed one minute, abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place, with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his power:—"Hang him! I believe he could act a *gridiron*!"—Taylor's "Records of my Life."

RHyme.—I believe rhyme was not known in Europe till about the year 800. We seem to have had it from the Saracens, who were then possessed of Spain; and of Sicily then or soon after.—Harpington, 251.

SPANISH FAR NIENTE.—The "Sons of Alhambra" are an eminent illustration of this practical philosophy. As the Moors imagined that the celestial para-

dise hung over this favoured spot, so I am inclined at times to fancy, that a gleam of the golden age still lingers about the ragged community. They possess nothing, they do nothing, they care for nothing; yet, though apparently idle all the week, they are as observant of all holidays and saints' days, as the most laborious artisan. They attend all fetes and dances in Grenada and its vicinity, light bonfires on the hills on St. John's Eve, and have lately danced away the moonlight on the harvest-home of a small field within the precincts of a fortress, which yielded a few bushels of wheat.—Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*.

EVENING.

When Eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.
Then all, by chance or fate removed,
Take spirits crowd upon the eye:
The few we lik'd, the one we lov'd!
And the whole heart is memory. *Crilly.*

ORIGIN OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—John de Castilla has the infamy of standing first on the list of those whose villainies have disgraced the annals of commerce. Having made a voyage to the Canaries in 1417, he was dissatisfied with the cargo he had procured; and by way of indemnification, ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera who assisted him, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. Prince Henry, however, resented this outrage; and after giving the captives some valuable presents of clothes, restored them to freedom and their native country.

DIAMOND MILL AT AMSTERDAM.—The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son, a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs, acting on circular metal planes, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverized diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut, by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond dust is sized on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically, the other is divided and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle; the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.—Elliott's *North of Europe*.

FAIRIES.

Beautiful spirits! whither do ye fly
When the first roseate blush of morning streaks,
With trembling touch, the cliffs and mountain peaks,
And the pale bosom of the wakeful sky?
Where lies the gorgeous land of Faery?—
Far under ground?—beneath the grassy hills?—
Or down in the recesses of bright rills,
Where never penetrated human eye?
Or, wrapt in folded blossoms, do ye hide
During the summer noon?—Perchance 'tis ye
That fill the crimson rose with fragrant—
And load the white bells of that gentle bride,
The dingle lily, with rare melody?—
Tell me, fair spirits—where do ye abide?
Friendship's Offering.

SUGAR.—The sugar-cane was first made known to the western world by Alexander the Great, whose conquests, or rather military travels, reaching to the Indian seas, enabled the naturalists of that day to make great collections of fruits and plants, many of which were first introduced in Europe on the return of his army. Strabo informs us that Nearchus, who was admiral of Alexander's fleet, discovered the sugar cane in the East Indies.

Lucan relates, that an Oriental nation in alliance with Pompey, used the juice of the cane as a drink: "Quique libant tenera dulces ab arundine succos."

This would naturally be the first use of so delicious a juice; and as sugar will ferment liquors, so will it cause intoxication.—Phillips's *Hist. of Cultiv. Veget.*

AN IRISH BUCK OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—Kit was dressed out in the pink of the fashion of that time (1789). He was then what they called, I believe, a macaroni, and was the same sort of animal that is now termed a dandy. He had a little hat, that would not go on a good ploughman's fist; his hair was streaming down his back and over his shoulders; the buttons on his coat were the size of saucepans, and the skirts of his coat hung down behind to the small of his leg; he had two watches, one on each side; a waistcoat that did not cover his breast; and light leather small-clothes, that came down below the calf, and were fastened there with bunches of ribbons, that were as big as cauliflower.—*Tailor's Magazine*.

OATHS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.—Edward the Confessor swore, 'by God's mother'; William the Conqueror, 'by God's splendor'; William Rufus, 'by St. Luke's face'; Henry I., 'by our Lord's death'; Stephen, 'by God's birth'; Henry II., 'God's curse light on you and mine'; John, 'by God's teeth'; Henry III., 'by God's head'; Edward I., 'by God's blood, (*per sanguinem Dei*)'; Richard II., 'by St. Edward'; Henry VI., 'by St. Edward';—his common word was, 'forsooth'; Edward IV., 'by God's blessed lady'; Richard III., 'by St. Paul'; Henry VIII., 'by St. Mary';—when angry, 'by God'; Elizabeth, 'by God'; or 'by God's death,' or 'by God's wounds'; James I. swore, but his oath is not mentioned; Oliver Cromwell was not a swearer; Charles II., 'by God's fish';—a corruption of 'God's flesh.'—*History of Morley*.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS.

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill
We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets;
And though we lay in a lonely bower,
Yet all things lov'd us well;
And the waking bee left its fairest flower,
With us to dwell.
But the warm May came in his pride, to woo
The wealth of our virgin store—
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more!
And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell—and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts—but not,
Oh, not to ours!
We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky:
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,
Or bid us die!

NAUTICAL SUPERSTITION.—A curious proof of the influence of imagination is given in the life of Peter Heaman, a Swede, executed in Edinburgh in 1822. The following are his own words:—"One remarkable thing was,—one day, as we were mending a sail, it being a very thin one, after laying it upon deck in folds, I took the tar-brush and tarred it over in the places which I thought needed to be strengthened. But when we hoisted it up, I was astonished to see that the tar I had put upon it represented a gallows, and a man under it without a head. The head was lying beside him. He was complete—body, thighs, legs, arms, and in every shape like a man. I oft times made remarks upon it, and repeated them to the others. I always said to them all, 'You may depend upon it that something will happen.' I afterwards took down the sail on a calm day, and sewed a piece of canvass over the figure to cover it, for I could not bear to have it always before my eyes."—Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*.

GLOUCESTERIANA.—The Eton Montem put his Royal Highness of Gloucester into unusually brilliant spirits, as the following sallies will testify.

The Duke being asked to contribute something at the Montem, turned to Colonel Higgins, and said, 'Can you tell me why the shilling I am going to give is called Salt Money?' 'No, your Royal Highness,' was the reply. 'Why, you precious ass,' subjoined the Duke, 'isn't it because its got by assault?' 'Ha, ha, ha,' grinned Higgins; 'He, he, he,' bellowed Gloucester.

After riding on a little further they came in sight of Eton College, when the Duke enquired, 'Why it resembled a piece of meat that has been swallowed?' Higgins looked puzzled, and put on a face of alarming stupidity. 'Don't you know?' asked Gloucester petulantly. Higgins gave an unmeaning stare. 'You consummate idiot,' cried His Royal Highness, 'because it is eaten?' (Eton.)

His Royal Highness and Higgins were the other day enjoying a bit of pleasant chat upon the progress of despotism in Russia, and they at length got quite merry on the subject of the miseries of unhappy Poland. 'For my part,' said the Duke, with an idiotic but sanguinary grin, 'I think that it is quite in the course of nature for all the Poles to be brought to the scaffold.'

'Why,' inquired his Royal Highness, 'are the traitors imprisoned by the Emperor Nicholas like that row of books?' Higgins looked puzzled. 'Why, you dolt,' thundered the Duke, 'because they're bound in Russia!'

'I am told,' said the Duke of Gloucester, in a recent letter to a friend, 'that the Tower Hamlets are to send members to a reformed Parliament. This is another impracticable result of the infamous Reform Bill, for it is allowed that Mr. Young is the only good representative of a Hamlet now in existence, and he has lately retired.'

SCENES FROM A PLAY.

JEALOUSY.—Scene. Thomas alone.

Thomas. Well, I wonder how long they'll have me here to talk to myself in silence. I'd like to have five minutes intellectual conversation with my thoughts. I've a notion that considering I'm a single man without a family, fate has given me as much to do as deserves paying for. First, I see my master—and by my soul I think he's no better than other people) has got a design upon Miss Roxford—and another upon the landlady. Now, if I could make him jealous of this Captain Madbrain, may be—the same dear creature in uniform, would be finding out his tricks, and so have done wid him—and by my soul I'll try it on presently.

Enter Flinch.

Flinch. Well, Thomas, have you seen this Captain Madbrain?

Thomas. Faith then I have, Sir, and a devilish fine fellow he is.

Flinch. Ha—hem. (Looking in the glass.)

Thomas. Oh, yes, then I know you are a good-looking fellow too, but the captain has the advantage of a Hussar uniform, and then—

Flinch. Oh, never mind the rest. Have you seen him with the widow?

Thomas. Leave him alone for that ye're honor. He said directly he saw her that she was too pretty to be by herself, and so he's been wid her the whole blessed morning—

Flinch. The Devil!

Thomas. Oh no, sir, I beg your pardon. I thought you said the widow—

Flinch. Well, so I did, sir. Did they talk?

Thomas. By my soul then, sir—they didn't—they only whispered!

Flinch. Damnation!

Thomas. Oh, not at all, sir—mere amusement I assure ye—the widow seemed to delight in his conversation.

Flinch. Then they made no ceremony.

Thomas. That's quite true your honour, they made no ceremony—they made love.

Flinch. And do you think she minded him?

Thomas. Faith then I do not, for I saw him kiss her hand three times and she did not seem to mind it at all—

Flinch. Damn her!

Thomas. Your honour had better leave that to the Devil, and go to another hotel.

Flinch. What, and allow my rival to triumph over me. Never! I'll seek him out directly and ask him what he means.

Thomas. Probably he don't know himself, sir.

Flinch. I'll teach him with the point of my sword.

Thomas. I beg your pardon, sir, fencing is out of fashion.

Flinch. Then I'll shoot him—

Thomas. He'll be shot if you do—

Flinch. Well, I don't care how it is—but I am determined to bring him to close quarters—

Thomas. Oh, then he's in nice close quarters already. Hasn't he got a bed room above on the second floor, next door to the widow's—

Flinch. Thomas, you may go.

Thomas. Very well, sir. I'll send you up some wine and bitters. (Aside.) May be the bitters I've given 'em already—are enough for him. (Exit.)

MISCELLANY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
MEMOIR BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Biography," says Fuseli, "however useful to man, or dear to art, is the unequivocal homage of inferiority offered to the majesty of genius." This I feel to be true, as regards Sir Walter Scott: I write of him, however, less from a sense of this inferiority, than from an earnest love and an enthusiastic admiration of the subject—or rather from a desire to afford some relief to my own feelings. The task of truly delineating his life and genius, requires an abler pen than mine; and the world need not be told, that such is to be found in the great poet's own household. I shall content myself, therefore, with throwing hastily together such notices of his life and writings as I think will be acceptable, till something worthier can be done: I must trust, sometimes, to printed statements which have remained uncontradicted; sometimes, to written memoranda, by the poet's own hand, or the hands of friends; and often to my own memory, which is far from treacherous in aught connected with men of genius.

Sir Walter Scott could claim descent from a long line of martial ancestors. Through his father, whose name he bore, he reckoned kin with those great families who so rarely count the Duke of Buccleugh their head; and through his mother, Elizabeth Rutherford, he was connected with the warlike family of Swinton of Swinton, long known in the Scottish wars. His father was a Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, and much esteemed in his profession, but not otherwise remarkable. His mother had great natural talents, and was not only related to that lady who sang so sweetly of the 'Flowers of the Forest,' but was herself a goddess of taste and genius, and a lover of what her son calls 'the art unsearchable, untutored.' She was acquainted with Allan Ramsay, and intimate with Blacklock, Beattie, and Burns. Sir Walter, the eldest of thirteen children, all of whom he survived, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th Aug. 1771. Before he was two years old, he received a fall out of the arms of a careless nurse, which injured his right foot, and rendered him lame for life. This accident did not otherwise affect his health; he was, as I have been informed by a lady who claimed to have nursed him, a remarkably active and dauntless boy; full of all manner of fun, and ready for all manner of mischief. He calls himself, in one of his introductions to *Marmion*,

"A self-willed, brawling, headstrong child."

and I have heard it averred, that the circumstance of his lame foot prompted him to take the lead among all the stirring boys in the street where he lived, or the school which he attended; he desired, perhaps, to show them, that there was a spirit which could triumph over all impediments. He was taught the rudiments of knowledge by his mother, and was afterwards placed under Dr. Adam, of the High School; no one, however, has recorded any anecdotes of his early talents: Adam considered him rather dull than otherwise; but Hugh Blair, it is said, at one of the examinations, foretold his future eminence. I have not heard this confirmed by any thing like good authority; the author of the 'Belles Lettres' was not reckoned so very discerning. The remark of Burns is better authenticated; the poet, while at Professor Ferguson's one day, was struck by some lines attached to a print of a soldier dying in the snow, and inquired who was the author: none of the old or the learned spoke, when the future author of *Marmion* answered, 'They are by Langhorne.' Burns fixed his large bright eyes on the boy, and striding up to him, said, 'It is no common course of reading which has taught you this: this lad,' said he, to the company, 'will be heard of yet.' Of his acquirements at school, I can say little: I never heard scholars praise his learning; and his Latin has been called in question where he had only some four lines to write: if he did not know that well, he seems to have known everything else.

That a love of poetry and romance should have come upon him early, will not be wondered at by those who know anything of the lowlands of Scotland—more particularly the district where his paternal home lay, and where he often lived during vacation time. The whole land is alive with song and story: almost every stone that stands above the ground, is the record of some skirraish or single combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad. 'I can stand on the Eildon Hill,' said Sir Walter, one day to me, and point out forty-three places, famous in war and verse? How the muse, who loves him who walks by himself

"Along some wimpling burn's meander."

found out Scott, among the hills and holms of the border, need not, therefore, form any part of our inquiry; it will be more difficult to discover how a love of delineating landscapes came to him—I do not mean landscapes copied from the works of the professors, but scenes copied from Nature herself; this bespeaks a deeper acquaintance with art than I could have given him credit for. Such, however, I am told, is the fact; and though he never made much progress in the art, it is my duty to relate it, were it but to show the spirit and bent of the boy. With regard to his inclination for song and story, we have his own testimony:—'I must refer,' says Sir Walter, 'to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-writer; but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness, that

I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle during hours that should have been employed on their tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays, was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight errantry, and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of these holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look upon.' This singular talent he retained while he lived: he was the most skilful relater of an anecdote, and the cleverest teller of a story, of all men I ever met; he saw all the picturesque points, and felt all the little turns and twists which give character and life to a tale; and had his words been written down, they would have been found as correct in all things, as one of his novels. Once, when he made me laugh heartily at one of his humorous stories, he said, 'Ah, had you but heard my friend James Watt tell a story, then you might have laughed. He had day and day and came to all his, and one of the great beauties was, that if one tried to tell the same story with the alteration of either number or date, the charm was gone, and it would not enchantment.'

The graver cares of life were to be attended to, and Scott had given up his solitary rambles, and his interminable tales of enchantment and chivalry, with the intention of preparing himself for the bar, when a severe illness, which hung long about him, threw him back, as he expressed, on the king-on-of-fusion, 'My independence,' he says, 'arose in part, at least, from my having broken a blood vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed; during which time, I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at that time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own diversion, as far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned; and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left me time so much at my own disposal! To the oral lore of the house of Scott, and the legends of nurses wet and dry, he now added those of the library; he had access to the one founded by Allan Ramsay, and finding it rich in works of fiction, he read, or rather devoured, all he could lay his hands on, from the rhyme romances of chivalry, including the heavy folios of *Cyrus* and *Cassandra*, down to the more vulgar labours of later times. 'I was plunged,' said he, 'into this great ocean of reading, without compass or pilot; and unless, when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing, save read, from morning to night. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection; and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.—Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction, brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like—events nearly as wonderful as those which were the works of imagination, with the additional advantage, that they were, at least in a great measure, true.' This course of study—for so in fact it proved—together with a two-years' residence in the country, re-establishing his health, where he found traditions good store, both romantic and historical, brought the elements together of that splendid species of fiction in which he has surpassed all mankind.

With returning health, Scott came back to Edinburgh, and resumed his studies in the law. He is said to have been an indolent student: he says otherwise himself—and no one need doubt his assertion; indeed, his works of fiction are all more or less impressed with the stamp of law; and Gifford, the sarcastic editor of the *Quarterly Review*, made it a matter of reproach, that his plots were law pleas, and that he had too much of the Court of Session in his compositions. This was by way of requital for his having drawn the critic's character in that of Sir Munro Malagrowth, and therefore ought not to be considered as an objection of much weight. 'The severe studies,' Scott observes, 'necessary to render me fit for my profession, occupied the great part of my time, and the society of my friends and companions, who were about to enter life along with me, filled up the interval with the usual amusements of young men. I was in a situation which rendered serious labour indispensable; for neither possessing on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages which are supposed to favour a hasty advance in the profession of the law, nor being on the other hand exposed to unusual obstacles, to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed, according to the greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify myself

as a pleader.' He seems not to have been aware, that two angels—that of darkness (Law), and that of light (Poetry)—had at this time possession of him, and were contending for mastery; nor would he ever allow that his life had anything remarkable in it. In one of his many letters, he says, 'There is no man known at all in literature, who may not have more to tell of his private life, than I have: I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance as that of the weary knife-grinder—'

'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!'

This was said in one of his uncommunicative moods. The story of his life, when it comes to be fully written, will be found as remarkable as any in the list of literary biographies, with the exception of that of Burns. Was it nothing to triumph over what seemed a predestined calling (for he was one of two races of lawyers?)—was it nothing to collect such stores from all quarters, as enabled him to give a new tone to the romance and the poetry of Europe?—and was it nothing to sit ungoverned, and for a series of years work enchantments, compared to which, his namesake's cleaving the Eildon Hills in three cannot be regarded as wonderful? To speak in this way, was long modest overmuch; indeed, whenever he spoke of his works, he would never allow himself a tithe of the merit in anything which the world allowed, which was certainly not more than courteous to his admirers.

For awhile, it seemed as if law had succeeded, and that the muse had given up the contest. Scott was called to the bar as an advocate, on the 11th of July, 1792, and attended to the duties of his station with such seeming good will, that he was generally considered in the far road to success and independence. To strengthen his resolutions, and furnish himself with a reason for labouring in his profession, he married Miss Carpenter, a young lady of the Isle of Jersey; took a house in North Castle Street, Edinburgh; and through the influence of his family—some have added, from a sort of dawning notion of his coming greatness—he had the office of Sheriff Depute for Selkirkshire conferred upon him, 16th of December, 1799. This added a little to the fruits of his professional industry, which I have heard were never large. Of his eloquence, and his skill and dexterity, in the conducting of a case in Court, I have heard various and rather contradictory accounts; while one represented him as hesitating and embarrassed in his mode of address, another told me that he was acute and clear-headed, and above all, had the art in which the late Sir Wm. Garrow so much excelled—of extracting exactly so much truth from any witness as suited his purpose. As a sheriff, he was kind and just; he took an equitable view of everything, and if he had any partialities, as James Hogg avers, it was towards poachers by water and land, which induced the lord of Ettrick to surmise, that the poet of Abbotsford had fished and shot in prohibited places himself. He had a high notion of the dignity which belonged to his post, and sternly maintained it when any one seemed disposed to treat it with more familiarity than was becoming. On one occasion, it is said, when some foreign prince—I rather think it was the Archduke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia—was passing through Selkirk, the populace, anxious to look on a live prince, crowded round him so closely, that Scott in vain attempted to approach him: the poet's patience failed, and exclaiming, 'Room for your Sheriff!' room for your Sheriff! he pushed and elbowed the gazers impatiently aside, and apologized to the prince for their curiosity.

To those, however, who were intimate with Scott, all this attention to law, and desire to be distinguished at the bar, seemed but as a sort of mask to conceal the real purposes of his heart. If his hand was with the Court of Session, his heart was in the Temple of the Muses; and though he appeared by day in all the externals of one deep in the mysteries of jurisprudence, he allowed nature to take her course in the evening and morning. To his friend Wm. Erskine alone, it is said, he opened the purpose of his heart,—to secure a small competence, and then dedicate all the time he could command to literature. In his introduction to 'Marmion,' there is something like evidence of this; at least, Erskine appears there as a friend and admirer, and the one, too, who thought differently from the poet. It would seem that the admonisher entertained all the current classic notions respecting composition, and desired the muse of his friend

Sit to be neat, still to be dress,
As she were going to a feast.

Scott, on the other hand, had no desire to dance in fetters, or carry weight in a race of his own choice; he stood up for the licence and freedom of the muse, and exclaimed, wisely,

Nay, Erskine, nay; on the wild hill
Let the wild heath flower flourish still.

Jeffrey afterwards wrote in the same strain in which Erskine talked; but Scott felt that within which could not be schooled down, and said with the pithy proverb, 'Let ilka man wear his ain belt his ain gait.' It was, however, with the advice of Erskine, that in 1796, he published a poem called 'The Chase,' and the ballad of 'William and Ellen,' from the German. 'In this little work,' says a northern authority, 'indications were to be found of that leaning towards romantic incident and parade of chivalry, which has since characterized Mr. Scott's great works, and given a new tone to the public feeling in matters of poetry.' In 1799, he published 'Goetz of Berlichingen,' from the German of Goethe. None

of these productions was of such moment as to carry his name beyond the circle of his more immediate acquaintances. The German literature, with many brilliant things from nature, is too startling and grotesque, though sobered down by the taste of such excellent translators as Carlyle, Lord Francis Gower, and Coleridge. Even the two fine ballads of 'Glenfinlas,' and the 'Eve of St. John,' were thought to have a touch too much of the German spirit; to be sure, they appeared in unnatural company. The 'Tales of Wonder' came out like a will-o'-the-wisp, to flash and astonish; but men soon saw that the light was of evil, and not of good, and would have no more of it. Sir Walter told me, the proudest hour of his life was when he was invited to dine with Monk Lewis; he considered it as a sure recognition of his talents; and as he sat down at the table, he almost exclaimed with Tandane—

He's named among great!

A work which has not the merit of originality laid the foundation of Sir Walter's fame; this was the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' in three volumes, two of which contained genuine old ballads, and the third imitations; the whole illustrated with notes more valuable, and infinitely more amusing, than the ballads themselves; nor is it unworthy of remark that they came from the press of Ballantyne at Kew—a name since grown famous for beautiful type and elegant arrangement. It was received with universal approbation. His mode of illustration was in a bolder style than that of Percy; and none, save antiquarians, and not many of them, could perceive the liberties which the editor had taken with the rude and mutilated remains of our military ancestors. He was too fond of a lot of antique arms, and too dexterous a poet to permit the Border Riders to go in 'looped and winged ragged robes' from his hand. Indeed, had he not done so, few would have bought his work. They were sadly disgraced by bad rewriters, and spoiled by ignorant translators. The 'Lachmann Harver,' 'Lord Maxwell's Good Night,' and a few others, are unaltered and entire; but over most of the others, like the love letter which Tom Pikes undertook to carry, the feet of the ignorant multitude had trodden, and reduced them to tatters which shook in the wind. Erskine could no more have edited such a work than he could have done over 'Iphigenia'; none but a true and a good poet like Scott was fit for it—your right natural ballad will bear a gentle polishing; it is not like the gilt shield of verdigris, which, by frequent polishing, grows down to the bed of a sauceman. I consider the 'Minstrelsy of the Border' to be a great national work, which will do for Scotland what Percy's 'Reliques' has done for England—keep a love of truth and nature living amongst us.

In collecting these traditional ballads, Sir Walter met with what any one but himself would have deemed adventures. He visited loomsome valleys, and shepherd's sheils; nor did he omit to pay his respects to all the old people; and with an art which showed at once his knowledge of human nature, and his affection for the dying strains of our ancestors, he led their memories back to other days, and caught at the fragment of an old verse just as a creature drowning would catch at a twig. It happened that James Hogg, in those days, watched sheep in Ettrick; in one of his excursions, Scott made an inroad upon the Shepherd's establishment, and summoned him from the hills. 'I accordingly went homewards,' says Hogg; 'but before reaching it, I met the Sheriff and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of 'Old Maitland,' with which Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy; but I thought he had a dread of a part being forged, and that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it, he was quite satisfied; and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed; and her answer was, 'O! na, Sir, it was never printed; the world; for my brothers and me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor; an' he learned it, and many mae, frae the auld Habbie Maitland, that was housekeeper to the first laird of Tushielaw.' 'Then that must be a very old story indeed, Margaret,' said he. 'Ay, it is that!—it is an old story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane of my sangs prentit till you prentit them yersel. (The two first volumes of the 'Minstrelsy' were published separately.) An' ye hae spoilt them a'tgether. They were made for singing an' no for reading; an' they are nouthier right spelled nor right setten down.' 'Heh, heh! take ye that, Mr. Scott,' said Laidlaw. Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse; but I have forgotten what it was; and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, 'It's true enough for a'that!'

The remark that these old ballads were made to be sung, and not to be printed, may be applied to Sir Walter's early verses. Any one who reads the letters which he received from Monk Lewis, on the important affair of rhyme, will see that Scott rhymed in his youthful days to please the ear, and not to satisfy the eye; that, in fact, he imitated the old ballad where corresponding sounds only were required, and could not always be obtained. These letters show more—they prove that Lord Byron was incorrect, when he said that the 'Fire King' in the Minstrelsy was almost all Lewis's; for, in truth, it is all Scott's. 'Instead,' says Sir Walter, 'of writing the greater part of it, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it: nor did the occupation

prevent the circulation of the bottle." Byron also said, "When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of it." The latter part of this sentence is less accurate than it would seem: Lewis and Scott were of different schools of song; the latter had all the carelessness about nicety of rhyme which marks the older ballad; the former all the fastidiousness of the circles of Dr. Johnson: that he understood the mechanical part well, needs no farther proof than that the remarks of Lewis are directed exclusively to the rhyme words, and not to the construction of the verse, nor the melody of the numbers. Sir Walter himself, in speaking of the second edition of the "Minstrelsy," regards it as "rather a heavy concern." The demand in Scotland," said he, "had been supplied by the first edition; and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure legends of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant." This cannot be said now of the name of Scott: it has got an airing over the wide world, and must be everywhere revered, as that of Spenser is in England.

The death of his father brought such an increase of income, that with the proceeds of the Sheriffdom, which equalled three hundred a year, he was in a condition to pursue his own inclinations. "He could now," he somewhere says, "take less to heart the preference which solicitors gave to his contemporaries, who thought them fitter for their work than a man whose head was filled with ballads, old and new." But before he resolved to lean more than ever towards literature, he weighed the good with the evil of his choice; and did not shut his eyes to the circumstance, that a man of genius had to wage a continual war with capricious critics and disappointed authors. It also occurred to him, that several men of the greatest genius, in the avenging of some pitiful quarrel, had made themselves ridiculous during their lives, and objects of pity to future times. I can understand all this better than the conclusion which the poet draws in his own favor, namely, that, as he had no pretension to the genius of those eminent sufferers, he was not likely to imitate them in their mistakes. What he felt, however, is one thing; what he did is another; he seemed, on many occasions, prone to understate, in a prodigious degree, his own talents;—one resolution is, however, worthy of noting: he determined, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed on too many occasions to have beset his eminent predecessors: it need not be told how well he kept this resolution, and with what courtesy he demeaned himself to all mankind. At the same time it may be added, that such gentleness was part of his natural character, and not assumed for the sake of tranquillity and repose.

The first fruit of his defection from the weightier matters of the law, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"—a poem of such beauty and spirit, as more than justified his choice, had any one been disposed to censure him for forsaking "law's dry dusty arts," and entering into the service of the muse. This I look upon as one of the noblest of his works; there are probably more stirring and high-wrought scenes in some of the succeeding poems; but with all their martial ardour, there is a certain wildness which lifts the "Lay" high into the regions of imagination, and ever and anon are passages of the most exquisite loveliness and repose. There is more of quiet beauty about the work, than the great poet indulged in afterwards. The spirit of Scotland acknowledged at once the original vigour and truth of the poem: every paper was filled with the favourite passages—every mouth was filled with quotation and praise; and they who lamented the loss of Burns, and persisted in believing that his place could not be supplied, were constrained to own that a poet of another stamp had appeared, whose strains echoed as truly and fervently the feelings of their country as the songs of the Bard of Ayr. The history of the rise and progress of this poem, the author has himself related. It chanced that the young Countess of Dalkeith came to the land of her husband, and as she was desirous of becoming acquainted with its customs and traditions, she found many willing to satisfy her curiosity; amongst others, Mr. Beattie, of Clackmallock, who declared he had a memory for an old-world tale story, but none for a sound evangelical sermon, was ready with his legends, and, with some others of a less remarkable kind, related the story of Gilpin Horner. "The young Countess," said Scott, "much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me, as a task, to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics, as an exorcism upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written." How the goblin page could have been spared out of the poem, no critic took it upon him to say: his presence or his power pervades every part: much that is done in war or love is influenced by him; and we may as well require the sap to be taken out of a tree in spring, with the hope that it will live, as take away the page and the book of gramary: the interest of the poem depends, in short, upon the supernatural; and the supernatural was the belief of the times, of which the poet gives so true an image.

Having got a subject from the lips of a lady, the poet says, he took, for the model of his verse, the "Christal" of Coleridge, and immediately wrote several passages in that wild irregular measure, which he submitted to two friends of acknowledged taste: they shook their heads at verses composed on principles they had not been accustomed to: they looked upon these specimens as a desperate departure from

the settled principles of taste, and as an insult to the established maxims of the learned and the critical. They made a full pause at the startling line—

Jeon Marin, should us well!

took up their hats, and went on their way. It appeared, however, that on their road home they considered the matter ripely, and concluded that, though both the subject and manner of verse were much out of the common way, it would be best for the poet to go on with the composition. Thus cheered, the task proceeded; but the author, still doubtful, or perhaps willing, like Pope, to soothe churchish criticism, submitted it to Mr. Jeffrey, who had been for some time distinguished for critical talent: the plan and verse met his approbation; and now, says Scott, "the poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at the rate of about a canto a week. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original writer." Amongst those who smiled on the poet and his labours are to be numbered Pitt and Fox; but neither of them had much taste for poetry; and I must therefore place their approbation to the account of public opinion.

"Marmion," the second great work of Scott, followed close—too close, the critics averred—on the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as if a work of genius can be written too fast, when the author's heart and mind are in trim. The poet now left his little cottage on the side of the Loch, for Ashiesteel on "the pleasanter banks of the Tweed," a place of picturesque beauty and in a land rich with song and story. Such a step the duties of his station as sheriff required; but there is no doubt that Tweed's silver stream, with its fine fishings, its ancient woods, green glades, and a lofter house and more extensive gardens, had each and all their influence. I visited this place last year in the great poet's company, and looked with an interest, which it was vain to conceal, on the groves of birch, and on the gable walls of the house itself, where the Author of Waverley had lived and walked. He seemed the better for a sight of the place; and as we passed the river and ascended the opposite bank, looked back at the house, rising tall and the trees on the precipitous scarp. I consider "Marmion" as the least happy in its story, and the most fiery and impetuous in its narrative of all the poet's compositions. If we dislike the detail of the fortunes of Clare and De Wilton, and feel little interest in the conversation of Sir David Lindsay, it is quite otherwise with Marmion, villain though he be, and with old Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, and even with the squires, one of vulgar and the other of high degree. But whoever can resist being pleased with these personages, and I think few can—who is not kindled up, as with a trumpet, when Surrey crosses the Tilt, and James descends from the heights of Flodden to attack him? I know of no poetic description of a battle, in either ancient or modern times, to compare with that of Flodden Field: the whirlwind of action, the vicissitudes of a heady and desperate fight, with the individual fortunes of warriors whom we love or fear, are there: yet all is in keeping with history. James was a chivalrous prince, Surrey a romantic warrior; they could not, nor did they, fight in a common way: the poet has painted us a picture, and imposed the ideal scene upon us for the reality of truth. The applause of the world on its appearance was loud and long; it lay upon every gentleman's table; it found a place in every lady's traveling carriage; and pleased all, save certain of the critics. Jeffrey, who, perhaps, had not been consulted before publication, wrote a review at once bitter and complimentary, and it is said had the hardihood to carry the proof-sheets to Scott's dinner-table, and lay them before him. The poet, acting upon his own maxim of forbearance and gentleness, read the article, and saying, "Very well—very well," returned it to the author. The poet's wife snatched it out of his hand, and glancing over it, exclaimed, "I wonder at your boldness in writing such a thing, and more at your hardihood in bringing it to this table!" The review, though friendly in many places, did nothing like justice to the merits of the poem, while it dwelt with relentless severity where haste or carelessness, real or imaginary, were presumed. If I condemn the injustice of Jeffrey, what shall I say of Lord Byron, who made the circumstance of Scott's receiving a thousand pounds for the poem a matter of reproach to the author? His Lordship, with all his talents and his property, was more solicitous about a high price for his works than all the poets of his day and generation put together, and penned the most urgent letters for high prices and prompt payments that ever a bard wrote.

I have said that Pitt and Fox smiled on the minstrel and his works: the former, it appears, expressed a desire to William Dundas to be of service to the poet; and the situation of a principal clerk in the Court of Session, having been pointed out as likely to be soon vacant, arrangements were made by which the incumbent was permitted to retire on his full salary, the poet performing the duty gratis till death should render it no longer necessary. Pitt died before he could sanction this arrangement, though the commission lay in the office ready for the signature of His Majesty. What was left undone by Pitt was fulfilled by his successor Fox, for Earl Spencer, in the handsomest manner, gave directions that all should be completed as Pitt had planned. For five or six years the poet laboured without recompense; at last all obstacles were removed, and he obtained the emoluments of his situation. For these marks of ministerial kindness, Whig and Tory, Scott speaks with the most humble thankfulness; he was certainly the best judge, at least, of his own feelings; but when we consider that

the Court of Session requires such services, and that the places are filled up with men who cannot have a tithe of his talent, our admiration of government patronage will be lessened.

I have omitted, or rather delayed to mention till now, a new edition which the poet gave us of the romance of "Sir Tristrem," accompanied by a dissertation sufficiently ingenious and speculative upon the poetry of the century preceding Chaucer. It is professedly a learned work; but on no production, however barren, could Scott labour without turning sterility into fruitfulness, and barrenness into beauty. I shall not say any thing of the author's theory, that the Scotch minstrels of the Border wrote a more poetic and elegant English in the reign of Alexander the Third, than the English themselves, because, though he seems to make good his assertion, I cannot at all believe it: I turn with more pleasure to his edition of Dryden, which, in 1809, followed "Marmion." Of the dramas and prose of Dryden—the latter the best part of his works—the world knew little; and the editor made it his business to arrange all that he wrote in the order of composition, illustrate the text with such notes as distance of time rendered necessary, and add a new life, written with much care and knowledge, into which were admitted such anecdotes and incidents as had come to light since the days of Johnson. This, which to other men would have been the work of a lifetime, he completed in the compass of a twelve-month, and set his hand at liberty for a poem which he always, I am told, regarded as the best of his poetic compositions.

The "Lady of the Lake," written in 1809, and published in 1810, I have always considered as the most interesting of all the epic stories which Scott told in verse: nor is this all the merit; it is very various and picturesque, full of fine situations, and incident, and character. I suspect that its great success arose mainly from the sort of set-off, which the highland tartan made against the hoddin gray of the lowlands; the demi-barbarous heroism of the mountains, against the more polished generosity of the vales. All this was new to the world, and novelty is an attractive commodity, and rather a scarce one. The poems of Ossian gave us the feelings and manners of a remote era, but did not contain a single picture of what could be confirmed by tradition or by history; they were also reckoned spurious by very sensible men. Scott had therefore no rival to remove from the people's love; nor had any poet arisen, whose song was so agreeable to the world as his own. Regarding the composition of this poem, he says, "I had read a great deal, and heard more concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. A lady to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do, to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition). At last, I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affliction expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular—necesses, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or that I can even fairly allow to your merits. You stand high; do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not even be allowed to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation, in the words of Montrose,

*He eicher frae his fate too much,
Or his desires are small;
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.*

If I fail, I said, it is a sign I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor shall I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

*'Tis with the burning line bonnet,
The dirk and the father on't!*

If I remember right, the critics were pretty unanimous in their commendations of the "Lady of the Lake"; but such was the popularity of the poet, that the public may be fairly said to have taken up the matter for themselves, regardless of the admonition of the learned, or the colder cautions of critics. It has many and various beauties: the retreat of Ellen Douglas in her Bower in the Loch Katrine-Isle, may be read any time along with the fine retreat of Erminia in Tasso; the rising of the Chans at the signal of the Fiery Cross, is more poetic than any appeal by message or by trumpet; the Highland ambush rising at the signal of Roderick Dhu, and then disappearing at a wave of his hand; the single combat between the Chief and Fitz James, and the chains and warders for the Grange scene at the conclusion, are all in the truest spirit of chivalry and heroism.

Scott had other pursuits, which he set as much store by as poetry; indeed, he generally wished us to understand, that he was not an over-zealous worshipper of the muse—one who sometimes paid her a visit, rather than belonged to her household. He resolved to avoid living upon her bounty, as he refused to wear the livery of her Parnassian ladyship; and he was right in this, for her bounty, as some of our best poets, were they living, could safely affirm, is seldom equal to the purposes of life; in short, he resolved to make literature a staff and not a crutch. It followed therefore, that literary men were not alone to be his friends and companions. "It was my first resolution," he says, "to keep as far as was in my power, abreast

of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement of life. The world is always willing enough to think lightly of intellectual works, and it is not perhaps very becoming in one who owed his fame and importance to these matters, which he calls 'amusements,' to help the world to pull them down. Literary men form a portion of society, and their productions are a matter of trade like any other commodity; they are at least, therefore, entitled to be ranked with those who not only embellish life, but perform some of its business. Among other things, the poet prided himself not a little on his services in a squadron of volunteer cavalry, at a time when thousands, and hundreds of thousands, appeared on horse or on foot, when Pitt, to use the poet's own language—

Armed the freeman's hand to guard the freeman's laws.

"My services," he says, "were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study, indispensable to success in the juridical profession." These I consider as not unpleasant traits in the life of this illustrious person: one is, amused to think how useful the poet of "Marmion" appeared in his own eyes, riding out to the Links of Leith, marshalling the equestrian heroes of the year of grace 1810, and how pleased he was to think that he could sit in his saddle, and shake his sword in the sun as well as the best of the band.

Between the appearance of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rokeby," three years elapsed, and these were dedicated to other matters than verse. Of Ashiesteel, he was but the tenant; and it was his wish to become the proprietor of some fair and pleasant spot, where he could build a house according to his own notions, and plan an orchard and garden in keeping with his own fancy. He found the place which he wanted in Abbotsford, six or seven miles farther down the Tweed. "It did not," said Scott, "possess the romantic character of Ashiesteel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, 'considerable capabilities.' Above all, the land was my own. It had been an early wish of mine, to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments, by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature." He wished, too, he said, to be able to take the quaint counsel of the old writer, who advised his friend, for health's sake, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if possible, to do it on his own land. The house at Abbotsford—called by a travelling Frenchman, a Romance in stone and lime, and by the poet himself, a dream-like mansion—is in a sort of castellated gothic style, and stands closely embowered in woods of its great owner's own planting; the library contains many rare and valuable works; the armoury, many arms which belonged to heroes, or otherwise remarkable men; nor is painting or sculpture wanting to add the charms of art to the beauty of the place. There is beauty without, and plenty of accommodation within. The Tweed runs broad and fair past the walls; the Cowden-knocks may be seen from the turrets; the Eildon Hills cloven in three, by the magic of old Michael, tower up so stately and high, that they almost overlook the house; the Hunsley Burn, where true Thomas had his adventure with the Fairy Queen, and the magnificent ruins of Melrose Abbey, are in the neighbourhood, and on the whole,

It is, I ween, a lovely spot of ground.

Having built his house, planted his lands, and laid out his garden—all of which he superintended himself, and as, I have been told, somewhat difficult to please, he turned his attention to verse once more, and in the year 1813 announced "Rokeby." Public expectation was raised very high; and Scott had yet to prove that his old works might be the greatest rivals his new had to encounter. The story of "Rokeby" is not so well told as that of the "Lady of the Lake"; it has not such stirring trumpet-tongued chapters as "Marmion," nor has it so much tranquil grace as may be found in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; neither are his English Buccaneers so captivating as his Highland Chiefs; yet it is a noble poem, abounding with spirit and originality; I am disposed to think the characters of Bertram Risinghame, and the Knave Minstrel, are superior to any other which the poet had yet drawn; they more than approach the heroes of the Waverley Novels. On the day of publication, I met the editor of a London Journal with the volume under his arm, and inquired how he liked it; he gave his shoulder a shrug, and said, "So, so!—a better kind of ballad style!—a better kind of ballad-style!" A light and sarcastic poem by Moore, makes one lady ask another,

*Pray have you got Rokeby?—for I have got mine—
The mad coach edition, prodigiously fine.*

Booksellers, it seems, had found it profitable to hurry the volume from Edinburgh by the mail coach.

When Scott was writing "Rokeby," another subject he says, presented itself—this was the adventures of the Bruce, as related in the "Lord of the Isles." He now took up the Scottish story; finished and produced it to the world: it was not even so warmly welcomed as "Rokeby." The author found out the error which

he had committed: "I could hardly," he says, "have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than any thing connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace; but I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular or what is called a *raking* title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, 'it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself.' The author seems to be of the same opinion as the world, respecting this poem; yet it would be difficult to show in what it is inferior to the best. There is the same fire and impetuosity of action and narrative, and a higher heroic dignity of character than in any of the other poems. The two Brues are drawn with fine historical skill; the death of the page is one of the most touching episodes ever written; the voyage from Arran Isle, under the influence of the supernatural light, is sublime in an eminent degree; and the Battle of Bannockburn very almost vies with that of Flodden. It is inferior, because it is not better; the world is not satisfied with an author unless he be continually surpassing himself. The sale of fifteen thousand copies," says Scott, "enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honours of war."

I may class the "Don Roderick," and "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," together; not because they have any resemblance to each other, but I consider them as inferior works in conception and execution, and not quite worthy of being named with the five noble romances which preceded them. "Don Roderick" was sharply handled by the critics; it did not suit with the aim of the poem, which was to arouse the spirit of resistance against an usurper in Spain and Portugal to describe repulse and defeat. Had the poet related the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, he would have destroyed the unity as well as the propriety of the poem. The chief fault of the work, was the strange long step which the author took, from the days of King Roderick to those of Lord Wellington; the older times mingled ungracefully with latter events; the story seemed like a creature with a broken back—the extremities were living, but there was no healthy or muscular connexion. "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless" require no lengthened examination; they were clearly remarkable for the vigorous images which they gave, particularly the latter, of times which we have no sympathy in, and far being published anonymously. There was something of an imitation, it seems attempted in the "Bridal of Triermain," of the manner of William Erskine. "As he was more than suspected," says Scott, "of a taste for poetry, and as I took care in several places to mix something which might resemble my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold." Scott, in other words, perceived that his poems were not selling in tens of thousands as formerly; he was, therefore, desirous of trying whose fault it was: the moderate sale of "The Bridal of Triermain," and the far more moderate sale of "Harold the Dauntless," showed him that either a change had happened in the public taste, or that readers had found another entertainer who varied the cheer, and gave them as it were, a pleasant desert after his substantial dinners.

In one of his late introductions, Sir Walter seeks to account for the failure of these poems. "The manner or style (he observes) which by its novelty attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been so long before them, begun to lose its charms. For this there was no remedy: the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour." He also attributes the decline of his poetic popularity to the imitations of his irregular measure and manner by other poets, to whom he had taught the trick of fence, and who could handle their weapon neatly or quite as well as himself. "Besides all this (he observed) a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in attracting popularity, in which the present writer had preceded better men than himself. The reader will see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little violation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate in the first canto of 'Childe Harold.' There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed."

Had Lord Byron preceded Scott, the novelty of his style, and the influence of his far-fetched subjects, would have worn off, and Sir Walter, with his romantic epics, might have taken the wind out of his Lordship's sails, in the midst of his voyage. Byron added the advantages of a traveller, who had strange stories to tell about Turks bearded like the pard, and unarmoured desperadoes who infested the ruined temples of the land where Sappho died and Homer sung, to the attractions of a poetry singularly bold and original; he was also considered as a young man who had been "rated on the Rialto" most ungenerously by one of those critical pests who have much wit and little understanding; and, moreover, had the farther merit of being a Lord, and reckoned something wildish among the better part of the titled population. Amen: those manifold charms Scott had nothing to offer but what he had offered already, and I think he acted wisely in retiring from the contest; to say the truth, he had continued it as long as the combat was

not desperate. There was something of a mystery about Lord Byron, as well as about all the characters which he drew, and which the public, always a gape for novelties, sought in vain to penetrate; his poems came, therefore, like a devilled fowl, or a curried lark, or any other of those spiced dishes by which that arch sorcerer the cook renews a man's appetite after he has been gorged like a boa-constrictor. I may add to all this, that the age had been particularly prolific of poets and poetry; in truth, the land was deluged with verse, and much of it of a high order; and as the island, for those hundred years, has not much encouraged works of imagination, there was scarcely room for two great manufacturers of epic song.

(Remains in our next.)

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1832.

The first impression made on foreigners visiting our country just previous to, or during a warmly contested election, is, that the boasted constitution framed by the Patriots of the Revolution is a mere rope of sand—the particles of which are already separating, and the whole will be scattered by the next violent gust. How great their astonishment when a week after the election they see those individuals who had been most bitter in their abuse, politically, of each other, moving on in the ordinary business of life, in perfect harmony, totally forgetful of the violent scenes through which they have passed, or enjoying the narration, with a hearty laugh, of the strenuous efforts each had used to thwart the wishes and defeat the objects of the other. The conclusion to which the stranger naturally arrives, is, that we are either totally destitute of those fine feelings which prompt the man of honour to risk his life in vindication of his character when it is assailed, or that we are too pusillanimous to chastise the offender, however great and unpardonable the offence may have been. The opinion in either case is erroneous; habit—we will not say how justly, has caused the coarse and scandalous epithets which men apply to each other in the course of a warm canvass and election, to be set down as idle words, used to produce political effect, without any intention to insult the person to whom they are applied, and without one particle of ill will towards him. The accused uses against his opponent the same weapons, and he is considered the more ingenious of the two who can cause his misrepresentations to be believed for the time, and produce the desired effect, while the very individuals upon whom they have been made to operate, will, the moment the election has passed, recollect them only as electioneering tricks. The result is that political slander is not personal, is not deemed an offence to be resented, or remembered, and that political lies are only white lies, which wash out and leave no stain, after the occasion which called for them has ceased to exist.

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.—The Rev. Mr. —, formerly of —, though an excellent preacher, was accustomed to use high flown language, and which he delivered in a style which to strangers unaccustomed to his manner, appeared exceedingly pompous. Journeying once from home to see an old clerical friend, he accepted the offer of his host's pulpit for the ensuing Sabbath.

After the sermon, in returning to the parsonage house, the incumbent and his guest fell into a conversation respecting the service in which Mr. — had just officiated—which continued till they entered the house.

"My dear brother," said the host, "you will pardon me, but you perceive that my hearers are a plain, unlettered, but worthy people; and I have always found that simple language, unadorned by rhetoric, was best suited to their capacities."

"Why surely, my dear brother," responded Mr. —, "they could not mistake me this morning—or find any difficulty in understanding every sentence."

"Indeed, my dear brother," returned the host, "you are mistaken; many parts of your discourse, though classically correct, will puzzle three fourths of my people for a month; now only in the word *inference*, which you employed, my hearers will not comprehend it."

"Why bless me, brother —," said Mr. —, "you must be joking—inference—inference—why a child would understand the meaning of so simple a word."

"My dear brother," said the host, "even our waiter, who officiates as my clerk, and who, I must tell you, prides himself on knowing something more of learning than the people whose singing he leads—even he, I will venture to say, will not comprehend the word."

"Impossible," said Mr. —.

"Well, you shall see," said the host—and ringing the bell, his clerk and waiter entered the room. "Ezekiel," said the worthy minister, "brother — and myself are somewhat in a difficulty—do you think you could draw an inference?"

"Truly," returned Ezekiel, "I cannot say, for I never tried, but I will enquire of Johanadab—he is stronger than I." In a little time Ezekiel returned, and on being questioned as to the capability of his fellow labourer, replied—"Johanadab fears he cannot draw an inference himself, but he is certain that the horses will draw any thing the traces will hold."

MORRELL'S VOYAGES.—A very handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages, containing nearly the whole nautical life, dangers and exploits of Captain Benjamin Morrell, is now in the press of the Messrs. Harpers. The work abounds in interesting matter, the result of his travels in the South Seas, Pacific, on the African Coast, &c.

We understand that the last voyage, as containing a variety of incidents calculated for dramatic representation, is now in the hands of Samuel Woodworth, Esq. who is preparing the same for the Stage. F.D.

AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR 1833.—Messrs. Gray & Bowen, of Boston, have published the fourth volume of this Almanac. The work is replete with scientific and valuable information, comprising the Calendar, Celestial Phenomena, a very useful Jewish and Mahometan (Mohammedan) Calendar—the Eclipses, Occultations, the Solar Ephemeris, Dr. Young's Refractions, Explanations of the Mirage, &c. The volume is beautifully printed, and it appears great attention has been paid to the correctness of the contents; which will, we have no doubt, ensure the work a rapid and extensive circulation.

The same publishers have also issued a reprint from the London copy of Davenport's "DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY." This work is well calculated to supply the most concise and valuable sketches of "eminent characters of all ages, nations and professions." It has received the addition of a large number of American names, and is illustrated with wood cuts of the most distinguished characters—the whole forming a valuable addenda to the library. This work is got up in a very superior manner, and merits more than ordinary attention. F.D.

THE PRESS.—Two candidates for public favor have lately made their appearance—the Globe by J. G. Bennett, and the N. Y. Citizen by Messrs. Stebbins and Greene: they take opposite sides in politics, and will no doubt meet the patronage of their respective parties.

The Spirit of the Times has been merged in the Traveller,—we wish the united journals every success.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—On Monday evening we were highly gratified with the personation of Mr. Kemble's *Biron* in the tragedy of *Isabella*. Miss Kemble, as the representative of the beautiful and tender *Isabella*, was all that may be imagined from her exquisite talent. This part was considered Mrs. Siddons's most touching character, and in many of Miss K.'s scenes we were forcibly reminded of her relative's best days. Mr. and Miss Kemble were well supported by the efforts of Messrs. Simpson, Barry and Placide.

For the benefit of Mr. Kemble, on Tuesday evening, Moore's tragedy of the Gamester was performed to a crowded and fashionable house; the Beverleys by Mr. and Miss Kemble were masterly conceptions—and drew largely on the feelings of the audience.

In the opera of *Massaniello* on Wednesday evening, we were much disappointed to find that Miss Hughes did not resume her part of the *Princess*; we know that she is in the city, and we cannot account for this oversight of the managers. The music of *Auber* requires scientific execution, and in the hands of Miss Hughes the part would have been represented in accordance with the composer's intentions. Perhaps, however, the managers are waiting the disappearance of the Kembles, and are reserving the musical powers of Miss Hughes for the occasion.

"What's in a name?"

A late Milledgeville (Ga.) Journal quotes the following euphonious specimen of polite epistolary correspondence:

Wednesday Morning.

Major John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Cornelius Saint John, and Mrs. John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Cornelius Saint John—present their respects to Colonel Charles Andrew George Washington Cincinnatus Bonaset, and Mrs. Charles Andrew George Washington Cincinnatus Bonaset, and to Miss Caroline Sarah Ann Mary Ann Corinna Cleontine Bonaset—and to the friend who lately arrived with Miss Caroline Sarah Ann Mary Ann Corinna Cleontine Bonaset—of whose name, Major John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Cornelius Saint John, and Mrs. John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Cornelius Saint John have not yet been informed—and hope to have the honour of their company to dinner next Tuesday.

Major John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Corne-

lius Saint John, and Mrs. John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Cornelius Saint John—rely on the kind offices of Mrs. Charles Andrew George Washington Cincinnatus Bonaset, and Miss Caroline Sarah Ann Mary Ann Corinna Cleontine Bonaset—to make their apology acceptable to the friend who lately arrived with Miss Caroline Sarah Ann Mary Ann Corinna Cleontine Bonaset—for assuming so soon, the privilege of a friend in so abrupt and so perfectly unceremonious an invitation, by the positive assurance that circumstances absolutely uncontrollable, have compelled to deny the earnest wishes of Mrs. John Junius Alexander Bartholomew Cornelius Saint John the pleasure of a personal call.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

No. V.

DUBLIN POLICE.—*Drifling and Privateering*.—On Thursday, an old sailor, without shoes, hat, or jacket, entered College-street Board-room, Dublin, where Aldermen Fleming sat for the despatch of business, and, without waiting to be told to go on, gave the following account of himself.

"I say, Mr. Magistrate, I just want you to overlook a suspicious-looking craft that's a prisoner below in the bilboes. I happened to come ashore last night on a cruise, and, having a foot or two of grog in me, I drifted about the streets, until I got fairly foundered."

Alderman Fleming.—What's your name, my fine fellow?

Sailor.—My tarry eyes and limbs if I can tell you what my real name is! I lost it one dark night in a thunder squall off the coast of Guinea, but since then they call me Harry McCann.

Alderman Fleming.—Well, sir, come to the point.

McCann.—Well, mister, as I was telling you, I was drifting about the streets and quays, and, at last, I got fairly foundered, and fell on my beam ends. There I lay, for I don't know how long, but, howsomever, when I righted, I found that my false heels (my crab shells, if ye see) were knocked off, and a knife that was fastened with a lanyard round my neck for these last ten years—it had been cutting me junk for me all that time—was carried away too, besides a small quantity of shifting ballast that I had in my trousers, and some part of my upper rigging.

Alderman Fleming.—What do you mean by your shifting ballast?

McCann.—A few odd coppers, man; sure any bar-bird would tell you that! So I thought it was time to look out for squalls, and, seeing a strange-looking hooker, I made all sail in chase. Having come up with her, I overhauled her from stem to stern, and found stowed away in her lockers my knife, copper, keels, and all. She gave me a good deal of jaw, but I didn't mind that, and towed her off to the watch-house, and now this 'bosen' here says she is outside the gangway lying to, till your worship makes a signal for her.

Alderman Fleming having accordingly made signal, the woman and stolen property appeared.

Henry immediately identified her, exclaiming,

"There's the very craft I gave chase to last night! It's a clear case she was out privateering, for there 'ere keels of mine are the very 'identical ones I found stowed away in her lockers, and that there peejacket and taupaulin hat were swung athwart her bows in a handkercher. But, as I'm going to sea to-night, you may as well give me my rigging, and cast her adrift. As to the coppers, you may give 'em to her, if you will."

The Magistrate, however, willed otherwise, and sent her to Newgate for the present, and bound Harry McCann to appear in proper time and place to tell the story over again, in which case his upper rigging, crab shells, &c. should be all safely restored to him.

Old Harry left the office, exclaiming, "My tarry eyes! here's a pretty kettle of fish! This comes of drifting and privateering!"

BOSTON POLICE.—*Tor on the Heel*.—A captain of a vessel appeared before Justice Whitman, and charged two coloured fellows with stealing from him a five-dollar bill, under the following circumstances. He stated that as he was passing through Ann st., he heard a fiddle in a Barber's shop kept by Mr. Holmes, and went in to get shaved. "There were two coloured gentlemen present, one of whom was operating on the violin, while the other operated professionally on the chin. After he had been shaved, he offered the barber a five dollar bill;—upon which the gentleman musician hung his fiddle on a peg and exclaimed: "Alas my tune is up." He then took from his pocket two four-pence-half-pennies and placed them under his foot, saying to the captain, "what'll you bet they are both under my foot?"

"The five in the hands of the barber," replied the captain.

"Done," said Orpheus, and extending his hand to the five, and lifting his foot—the captain was convinced that but one piece of money was there—and that he had lost his wager.

The Captain stated to the Judge that in making

the offer of the bet he was only romancing. "Law bless your soul, Mr. Judge," said he, "I've seen them are things done hundreds of times. When I offered the bet I romanced a little; I know'd, your honor, that there was only one piece of money there."

The justice being of opinion that there was a conspiracy between the fellows to defraud the captain, adjudged Orpheus to pay a fine of \$10 and costs. The Barber, after being brought into Court, became impatient, and made his way out of the back door, and over the fence, notwithstanding a close pursuit by the constables and some hundreds of boys—leaving Middle alone, to pay damages.

GLEANINGS.

Marriage or Matter-o'-money.—When the Marquis de Bath discovered that Mellish (the butcher) had a son daughter—his son made a dead point at her. When Shaftesbury found out that old Rundle's public money, got by snuff-box making and bathing-machine making, passed into the hands of one Neeld, an attorney, this Shaftesbury's daughter fell in love with the attorney, and could not live a month without him. It was afterwards found out that the attorney was for keeping his money, the lady then separated, requiring a settlement—for she had in the beginning found him down and pledged him.—*Cobbett.*

Permutation of Letters.—The French Mathematician Terquet, with immense labor, once made an ingenious calculation. He states that the various combinations of the twenty-four letters of the Roman alphabet, without any repetition, will amount to 220,448,401,733,239,439,363,000. Thus presenting an infinity of combinations and arrangements, sufficient to represent not only all the conceptions of the mind, but of all words in all languages whatsoever.

French Language.—It appears from a new French Statistical work, that about 29 millions of French subjects speak their native language, but in seventy different dialects: the remainder (about 2,500,000) speak German, Flemish, Italian, Celtic, or Cantabrian.—*Spectator.*

Long Parsnips.—In Missouri, said a traveller, on his return to the land of steady habits, "they have no parsnips; they frequently plant them, but they smile so deep, that the people who live on the opposite side of the globe lay hold of the roots and pull them through, so that the crop is lost every year."

Russia.—The population returns of the Russian empire for the year 1850, (only of those professing the Greek religion), gives in the table of deaths of the male sex more than 1,000 over 100 years of age. There were 43 between 115 and 120, 40 between 120 and 125, 16 between 125 and 140, and 4 between 140 and 150. The births for the same period were 1,844,226, and the deaths 1,337,211—excess of births, 507,025.

Special Plea.—Two limbs of the law, the other day were joking each other about a suit which was pending between them, when one adverted to the court of Heaven. "Aye, Brief-wit," said the other, "but you cannot plead there!" "I have no occasion," retorted B., "but you will plead heartily!"

A Settler.—A quarrel took place the other day on Bristol quay, between two emigrants, when one of them gave his opponent a tremendous body blow, saying, "There, you emigrant, take that as a settler."

Technical.—A doctor going to his boarding-house, and not finding dinner ready, exclaimed—"What are there no symptoms of dinner yet?" "No appearance," replied a lawyer. "There's a sample of it," said a merchant, as a servant appeared with a turkey. "And a fine token it is," rejoined a printer.

House rent.—In the year 1725, Gregory Rokesley, Lord Mayor of London, occupied a house in Milk-street, for which he paid 20s. a year rent.

Pulsation.—The pulse in the time of Hippocrates was probably not more than 60 beats in a minute; from which, probably, originates our smallest division of time, denominated the moment, or second, which divides the day into 86,400 parts. As the human species refine, probably, the pulse quickens; and so completely are we machines, that like a clock, the faster we go, the sooner we run down.—*Land. Med. and Surg. Jour.*

Among the advertisements in the late English papers we find the following:

A Scientific Help.—A man of thirty years of age, born at the foot of the Grampian Mountains, in Scotland, self-taught, has a strong propensity for studying nature and nature's laws, men and manners, barbarous and refined; capable of bearing the severity of the frigid or the intensity of the torrid zone; has a general knowledge of astronomy, geography, history, metaphysical reasoning, with the elements of poetical and musical composition naturally; plays several musical instruments; has a pleasant tenor voice, with a compass of eighteen notes; a slow but a distinct reader; of sober habits; who would be happy to meet an intelligent person, where he would make himself

generally useful, and a pleasant companion, in the capacity of body servant. Letters addressed, &c.—*Court Jour.*

Another paper informs us that "Two sisters went washing;" and also that "A female, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having no other employment."

CHARITY.—The painter who would make himself admired, counts less on the brilliancy of his colours than on their distribution. Even so, the rich man merits our esteem, not by the splendour of his fortune, but by the uses he makes of it.

AMBITION.—The man who elevates himself above his fellows, too often rises at the same time above happiness; with eyes of jealous envy he is watched by all, and when he makes a false step, or misses his balance, quick as thought revenge or malice rush forward, ready armed, to sap the footing under him.

WHICH IS OUR WAY?—What guide must we choose to arrive at felicity? Imagination leads us astray—Desire runs too fast—Reason creeps too slow—and Pleasure flies too quickly—Virtue can alone hold the torch to light our steps to Happiness!

TO THE HUMANE.

Several of the city papers have noticed the calamity which befel the family of Mr. George Whitehead, at the late fire at No. 637 Washington st., by which his oldest child, an interesting little girl, perished; another was severely injured; and himself so shockingly burnt in attempting the rescue of this child, that he is since deceased.

An appeal is now made in behalf of the sufferers—once in affluent circumstances—lately reduced by misfortune—and now rendered wretched and destitute by this last calamity.

Donations received by ROBERT HALLIDAY and JOHN S. CRAW, Esqrs.: British Consul; Offices of the Courier and Daily Advertiser; Greenwich Union, United States, and City Banks.

NOTE.—The surviving parent and children are charitably kept at 313 Bleeker street. Mr. W. was considered the largest Hat Manufacturer in Europe, and a considerable cotton spinner at Ashton, near Manchester.

THE HEART OF BRUCE, IN MELROSE ABBEY

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—Not pass thou forward as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die!

Heart! that didst press forward still,
Where the trumpet's note ran shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
First where'er the brave were met,
Last against each dark tide set;
Leader of the charging spear!
Fiery heart! And hest thou here?
May this narrow spot inurn
Aught that so could beat and burn!

Heart! that lov'dst the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last;
Silent—save when breeze's moan
Comes through weed or fretted stone;
Silent—save when early bird
Sings where once the mass was heard;
And the wild-rose waves around thee,
And the long, dark grass hath bound thee:
Sleep'st thou as the swain might sleep,
In his nameless valley sleep?

No! brave Heart! Though cold and lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own.
Feel I not thy spirit broad
O'er the whispering solitude?
Lo! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
Sweeping past thy lowly bed
With a mute, yet stately tread;
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night,
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
Arm'd to follow thee, or die?
Now, true Heart! as thou wast wont,
Pass thou to the peril's front!
Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
And the battle's red wine streaming,
Till the Paynim quail before thee,
Till the Cross wave proudly o'er thee!
Dreams! the falling of a leaf
Wins me from their splendours brief,
Dreams, yet bright ones!—Scorn them not,
Thou that seek'st the holy spot;
Nor, amidst its lone domain,
Call the faith in relics vain!

MEMORY.—The following is related by Dupin of the celebrated Cuvier, whom he has just succeeded as one of the forty members of the French Academy: "The labours by which Cuvier immortalized himself, required immense powers of memory. His mind

was stored not only with several thousand generic and specific names of animals of every species, but with the names and complicated genealogies of every leading family in Europe, both of times past and present. Nay, as if there were a craving after Eastern luxury in this play of the memorative faculties, he could quote off hand the names and dynasties of every Asiatic prince and tribe, little as they seem deserving of the toil. He was probably the best informed scholar in Europe; and yet his memory humbled itself to the meanest subjects, and, as one who sought no other kind of scholarship, he heaped together all sorts of curious anecdotes, not forgetting the names of the parties concerned; and over and above all these recreations, faithfully husbanded the very text of any lampoon, epigram, or occasional poem, which was likely to acquire historical importance."

LEXICOGRAPHER.—In a pretended conversation, between a Lexicographer and a Peasant, the Comic Magazine shows how entirely a person may fail of making himself understood, if he does not adapt his words to the comprehension of his auditor.

"Dilatory fellow!" said the Lexicographer, (for such, by his conversation, he evidently was) "when have you been hating, defaming or your these so egregiously?"

"What did you say, master?" replied the countryman.

"Hate. Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you?"

"Coun. Na, he wur an old acquaintance that stopp'd me—Jenny Hancock."

"Hate! and so you pre-estimated with him, eh?"

"Coun. Na, I didn't; I went to the Gast in Boots with him."

"Hate. Ah, had you your dinner in the interim?"

"Coun. Na, we had it in the tap-room."

"Hate. Blackhead! the terms are synonymous."

"Coun. Na, I thought em very dear—ten pence for eggs and bacon!"

"Hate. Confound the fellow!—how does this analogy?"

"Coun. Oh, I never stopp'd for that."

"Hate. Ah, totally abstracted from the consequences!—Fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say?"

"Coun. Na, I didn't; I fell into a ditch, though—ale were so strong!"

"Hate. And came out covered with cherrin?"

"Coun. Na, but there wur plenty o' mud!"

"Hate. Impertinence! Chagrin, I said."

"Coun. Green!—oh, I know now; we call it chick-weed in our parts."

"Hate. I shall lose all patience! You were born incorrigible!"

"Coun. Na, I warn't; I wur born in Yorkshire—High street, Wakefield."

"Hate. Again mistaking! Do you never deviate?"

"Coun. Na, I only goes out pottering."

"Hate. You want common rationing, fellow!"

"Coun. Na, I don't! I only want you to settle my account—one and eight pence; that can't be dear, for such a load as this!"

"Hate. I am foiled with my own weapons! Can you not discriminate even a common case?"

"Coun. Na, can't take any less. It's more nor three mile, and case, as you call it, he heavy."

"Hate. I must succumb. There is your money, fellow!—go your ways, and, let me thank Heaven, I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity!"

AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO THE ABORIGINES.

A letter from Mr. George Catlin, of this city, addressed to the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser, and dated at the Mandan village, on the Upper Missouri, Aug. 5th, 1832, contains the following:

Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush. Soon after arriving in their village, I invited and painted the two principal chiefs, in a very few minutes after having exhibited them, it seemed as if the whole village was crowding upon me to see them. I was obliged to stop painting, and place them high in a conspicuous place, where all could see them. The likenesses were recognised, and some commenced yelling, some singing and others crying. The next curiosity was to see me, and so great was the rush upon me that I was in danger of suffocation. The eager curiosity and expression of astonishment with which they gazed upon me, plainly showed that they considered me some strange being. They soon resolved that I was the greatest medicine man in the world, for they said I had made living beings—they said they could see them laugh, and if they could laugh they could speak, &c. and must be alive. The squaws soon raised a cry against me in the village, saying that I was a dangerous man, that if I could make living persons by looking at them, I could kill them when I pleased, and that some had been killed by me. I was in the minds of a number of Chiefs who had agreed to sit; my operations, were, of course, completely at a stand. I finally had an interview with a number of them, and assured them that I was but a man like themselves—that my art had no medicine or mystery about it, but could be learned by any of them if they would practise it as long as I had—that my intentions towards them were of the most friendly kind—and that in the country where I lived, *brave men* never allowed their squaws to lighten them with their foolish whims, stories, &c.: they all immediately arose, shook me by the hand, and crossed themselves for their pictures. There was a difficulty after that about sit-

tings, all were ready to sit—the squaws were silent—and my painting room a continued resort for them, where they waited with impatience to see the completion of each picture, that they could laugh, sing a new song, &c. &c. I was then often taken by the arm by the Chiefs and led to their lodge, where a feast was prepared for me in their best style. In this manner I was taken from one lodge to another, and treated in the most cordial manner. There is an universal disposition in the Indian character to admire curious works of art, and particularly paintings, for which they seem to have the greatest passion: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they were astonished at an operation so novel and unthought of by them, and that I should, for once in my life, have been considered a great man and a great painter.

PATENT POETRY.—One of the London papers publishes the following severe comment on the poetry of a writer of considerable note:—

"A correspondent informs us, that a patent has been recently granted to a Mr. Robert Montgomery, for the construction of a machine for a new mode of spinning fibrous substances—communicated to him by a foreigner; and wishes to know whether the patent has any reference to the author of the Omnipresence of the Deity, Satan, and the Messiah?—The question is a poser. We imagine the communicative foreigner must have been Klopstock, who certainly communicated the text part of the Messiah to the poetical patentee.—*Assensu.*"

Thanksgiving in New-York.—Governor Thompson has appointed the observance of the 13th of December, as a day on which the people of this State should "as a united people, thank our Heavenly Father for the innumerable blessings which He has been pleased to bestow upon us; and especially, for the abundance which has crowned the labors of the husbandman for the past year; for our civil and religious institutions; or constituted as to exempt us from the evils of tyranny, anarchy and intolerance; for our peaceful and growing commerce; for the multiplication of the sources of productive industry; for the increase of the means of intellectual and moral instruction; and while we acknowledge His chastening hand in the pestilence which recently abode with us for a season, in its march throughout the world, let us acknowledge with gratitude His goodness for having now removed it beyond our borders; and for the blessings which He mingled in this cup of afflictions. And in our aspirations, let us beseech Him to banish from among us superstition, contention, ignorance and ill will, and to hasten that day, which we hope is within the plan of His Providence, and now dawns upon us, when the human understanding shall be so enlarged, and the passions of men so chastened, that was shall cease that civil institutions, founded on the principles of equality, shall be adopted by all nations, and that the love of man for his fellow creature, shall be manifested in deeds of kindness and benevolence."

Religion in France.—The new sect of which the Abbe Chatel is the chief, is making considerable progress in this country. Its leading doctrine, as distinguished from the Roman Catholic faith, consist in the denial of all human infallibility, whether assumed by the Pope or by Episcopal councils. The service is conducted not in a dead language, but in the living idiom of the people. The priests of the new church are permitted to marry. There is no monopoly of the interpretation of Scripture. Meagre days and abstinence are suppressed. Dispensations to permit the marriage of persons within prohibited degrees are abolished. The previous existence of the civil contract is sufficient to warrant the nuptial benediction, and no excommunication or other censure of the church is available against the burial of the remains of the excommunicated party in consecrated ground. The priests of the new faith are chosen by popular election. Six places of worship have already been opened in different parts of the country, and three others are in a state of progress. The Abbe Chatel (the founder of this reformation) was a chaplain in one of the regiments of the guards of Charles X., and even at that time had discovered some rays of the light which has since dawned upon him. A sermon is announced for to-morrow by one of the priests of the new faith, in which the infallibility of the Pope and of councils is to be openly attacked. Unhappily, however, the French people in general hold religious of any kind in such sovereign contempt, that there is little hope that the new sect will make much progress, especially in Paris, where infidelity and scepticism are almost universally prevalent. It is said that the delay which has taken place in supplying the bishopricks which have fallen vacant since the period of the Revolution, has in some degree been owing to the difficulty of finding three prelates who would consent to assist at the consecration of the bishops elect. In the case of the new Bishop of Dijon, it was found necessary to apply for a dispensation to the Pope, to allow the consecration to take place by one member of the episcopacy in place of three; and even for this one it was found necessary to apply to a Spanish refugee, the Bishop of Carthage—*the only prelate of Spain whose constitutional opinions have sent him into exile.* The other bishopricks which have fallen vacant—those of Versailles, Beauvais, and Chalons—have been supplied by clergymen less unwelcome to the older dignitaries of the church, through the intervention, it is said, of her Majesty the Queen of the French, to whose wishes M. Giret d'Ain, the present Minister of Public Instructions and of Worship has not refused to yield his consent.—*Corresp. Courier & Enquirer.*

DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK;

With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

The great popularity of the *Scrap-Book* for 1832 has rightly encouraged the publication of another volume still more pleasingly enriched with interesting works of art, and still more beautifully illustrated by the pen of the poet. It was happily said of Goldsmith, *Nullum quod teligit non ornari*; and if ever the same eulogy, was applicable to another writer it is eminently due to the sweet, the touching, and the varied strains of L. E. L. We know not how to express our admiration of her genius, though the remark is rather excited by the peculiar nature of the volume before us, than justified by it in the simple degree which it is where the theme is imagined, not given, and the original conceptions of her mind expanded upon a single and congenial subject. But it is still very surprising to us to see such a performance as this, produced in such a way. Thirty-six engravings of every description are offered to the fancy of the writer; and upon each something of general interest is expected. The task appears to us to be a literary series like the labours of Hercules; and we can only suppose L. E. L.'s prolific effusion of poetical pathos, thought, and beauty, over these pictures, to the possession of an inexhaustible store of intellect and imagination. Our selections shall be made to justify this panegyric; for as far as merit is concerned, there is no matter which of the poems we take for example. We begin with Admiral Collingwood: a stirring description of naval feeling, and a splendid portraiture of a true British hero.

—Melinda from a charless "Chorus"
To sing upon the deck;
A general salute to the sea,
Their watchful ward to the day.
To see your gallant little flag,
So proudly unfurled,
As proudly did the wind-wind dance,
To see your crimson folds
To watch the figures sail red and white,
Like birds upon the water;
You know they only were part of the
It is a noble scene.
One hundred sail on the deck,
And looked upon the sea;
He held the glass in his right hand,
And far and near looked he.
He could not see one little ship,
Alone upon the water;
From east to west, from north to south,
It was his own domain.
Good luck to this for Old England!
For many a merchant's fate;
That over the sea, to the
With every the passing there,
A pelican came upon his shield,
A lion on his tower;
And our good Lord Collingwood,
What is ready now?
There stand valiantly, brave men at arms,
Hark after pulses in the air;
Is it the sound of the hour,
Of long and long day?
He's waiting for his native shore,
And for his native shores,
All for his honour he would give,
To be at home once more.
He does not know his children's faces,
His wife might pass him by,
He is so altered, so long since,
With many a tear in his eyes.
He has been many years at sea,
He's worn, worn, worn, and worn,
He needs a little breathing space,
Between at his grave.
He feels his heart come heavily,
His heart is full and full,
It was a weary service,
That England asked of him.
He never saw his home again,
The deep voice of the gun,
The lowering of his little flag,
Told when his life was done.
His sailors walked the deck and water,
Around them heeled the gales,
And far away two or three knots—
A widow's cheek grew pale.
And the many tears that light
Our history's bloodied line,
I know not one, brave Collingwood,
That touches me like this.

From the ancient cathedral [Westminster Abbey] pass we to the opposite—the busy, mercantile town of Liverpool, which is painted with an equal spirit; and again, another beautiful reference introduced to the African Expedition.

"Where are they born? these gallant boys,
That here at anchor lie,
Now quiet as the birds that sleep
Beneath a summer sky,
Their white wings droop, their shadows sweep
Unbroken o'er the deep,
As if the airy elements
Had their own hour of sleep.
A little while the wind will rise,
And every ship will be,
With plashing prow and dancing sail,
Afloat upon the sea.
Some will go east, and some go west,
Some to the Indian isles,
Where Spring is lavish of her bloom,
And Summer of her smile;
And some will seek the latitudes
Where northern breezes blow,
And Winter brule a throne of ice
Upon a world of snow.
Some will come back with plume and paul,
The char and the gear.

Little do the gay wearers think
How brave men toil for them.
The product of far distant lands,
Nurtured by distant skies,
Are here the triumph and reward
Of human enterprise.
Amid the ships that bear around
The wealth of half the world,
Are those that, for the Quorra bound,
Have just their sails unfurled.
Proudly with goods that new-found climes
May envy English skill,
They bear no thunders o'er the deep,
To work our nation's will.
In peace they go, with pure intent,
And with this noble aim—
To share the burden to civilize,
By traffic to reclaim.
They go for knowledge, and in hope
Such knowledge may avail
To draw the savage and unknown
Within the social pale.
A deep and ardent sympathy
The heart has with the heathen;
The cheek is flushed, the eye is bright,
Whereon their deeds are told:
We half forget the conqueror's crime,
In honour of the brave,
And raise the banner and the song,
Although upon the grave.
For here the danger and the toil
Of no false high have need,
Though courage and though consistency
Deserve the highest need.
The glory day, had traitorous words,
The hour of their end—
The song, night, when rocks and fies
Were on the farthest side.
The glory day, had traitorous words,
The hour of their end—
The song, night, when rocks and fies
Were on the farthest side.
The glory day, had traitorous words,
The hour of their end—
The song, night, when rocks and fies
Were on the farthest side.

Tintagel Castle suggests a touching legend.

"Alone in the forest Sir Lancelot rode,
Over the back of his courser the reins lightly flow'd,
As though some hand his reins were his hand,
To meet the soft breeze that was fanning him now.
Beneath the small wild flowers were many and sweet,
And amidst each one by the war-horse's feet,
Gave forth all their fragrance; while back overhead
The hum of the oak and the elm-tree were spread.
The wind stirred the branches, as if its low song
Was a song, like a lover who wakens the lute;
And through the dark foliage came sparkling and bright,
Like rain through the green leaves, in small jets of light.
There was silence—not silence; for, dancing along,
A music went on, like a child with a song:
New fountains, where ripples and water-falls grew—
New clear, white bubbles were glistening below.
For bright was vision and fair as a dream,
The face of a maiden was seen in the stream!
With her hair, like a mantle of gold, to her knees,
Smiled a lady as lovely as lady can be.
The words of a love-song—the lady's sweetest words,
As sweet as the words which each memory holds:
Of love and love, and love, and love, and love,
Such as love may have murmured—oh, long, long ago!
She led him away to an old stone cave,
Where the knight's sword was stuck like stars in the wave;
And the great, mossy and violet-crowned knight,
And the lady, the lady, the lady, the lady,
They might have been happy, if love could but learn
From some flower a lesson, and like their leaves turn
Round their own inward world, their own freest heart,
Content with its own world, content with its heart.
But the sound of the trumpet was heard from afar,
And Sir Lancelot rode forth again to the war;
And the lady, the lady, the lady, the lady,
Who loved him whole being, O false Love! to die.
For months, every sun-beam that brightened the gloom,
Shed on the waving of Lancelot's plume;
She knew not the proud and the beautiful queen,
Whom once she had loved as her own had been.
There was many a dance, there was many a knight,
Tide the banks of the river like fairy-land bright;
And once those whose shadow was cast on the tide,
Sir Lancelot knew him near Guinevere's side.
With purple and heavily drooping around,
The lady and the knight with the lady's hand;
And they by two swans, a small vessel then near,
Rode high on the deck was a pale-covered barge.
They rowed with their white arms the bark thro' the flood,
And arrived at the bank where Sir Lancelot stood:
A sweet sweet the river, and there lack the lady,
And there lay a lady, the lady, the lady.

For pale as a statue, like smoking on snow,
The knight's hair would mock the cold face below:
Sweet tresses, the blue and the white are both there—
Sir Lancelot weeps as he kneels by the dead.

And these are love's histories; a vow and a dream,
And the sweet shadow passes away from life's stream:
Too late we awake to regret—but what was
Can bring back the waste to our hearts and our years!

L. E. L.

LLOYD'S LECTURES ON HATS.

With a dissertation on his various shapes, showing the manner in which they should be worn, the sort of face and person best suited to each particular Hat, and the many virtues that belong to them. By the author, R. Lloyd, Hat Maker, 71, Strand, opposite the Adelphi Theatre, Inventor and Patentee of the Double-napped short Beaver Hats, stiffened with Cork, incorporated with Mole Fur and Steam Felted.—Price, twenty-six shillings each.

Introduction.

Having, the error Hater, expressed for and near
(These things have come through the land.)

Crowns with rich Castors, Prince, Peasant, and Peer,
At seventy one in the Strand.
With short naps and long naps, for heads large and small,
In thousands of shapes he can cater,
At his Depot of Taste, Fashion, Fancy, and all,
Just facing the Adelphi Theatre.

[Accent the penult, *Licentia poetica*.—Ed. Atlas. Here follows a picture, representing the style of the hat described under the name of the Tilbury. So in all the instances we quote, a sketch illustrates the description; but this graphic part of the article it does not comport with our convenience to copy. The reader will please let his imagination supply the deficiency.]

THE TILBURY.

For ease, form, and use,
The like never yet
Was seen—at least, so soon as now:
Then ye Bloods and ye Whigs,
In your Tilbury trips,
Look well to your upper dominions.

Carefully inspected, it must be admitted, that the Tilbury is a hat wherein is displayed a good deal of what may be termed character; for which reason, its becoming wearers, comparatively speaking, will be few in number; but notwithstanding this marked peculiarity, there is a sort of style in its general features which is uncommonly striking; nor is there any form whatever, where so much of that airy lightness is to be seen. Few persons over thirty become this Hat, and none under twenty, and even between these ages, if the head be more than twenty-two inches and a half in circumference, the whole effect is destroyed. Shape of the face immaterial, provided the complexion is not too dirty; but above all, neither overgrown or little fat gentlemen should wear the Tilbury. To have the best effect when on the head, it should be placed rather forward, inclining a little to one side.

THE ANGLESEA.

To every head, to every face,
To every form and feature,
This Hat adds lustre, ease and grace,
Thus art combines with nature.

The connoisseur, the man of fashion, and the most determined critic in dress, must admit, that for style and harmony of parts, the Anglesea will ever rank high in public estimation; in short it may not inaptly be termed the Universal, as it becomes most persons who wear it; in point of form, there is nothing of what may be called character or singularity in its outline, and has the rare property of imparting to the wearer an air of dignified affability, a courteous condescension, together with a bold but manly appearance. It is named after a certain Nobleman, who is in full possession of all the above qualities. To show to advantage on the head, this Hat should not go lower than the top of the ears, both of which it may barely touch, unless the wearer has a short neck, in that case it must be worn somewhat aside, touching one ear only, but by no means to be thrown back, nor brought too far over the eyes; the former bespeaking a want of confidence, the latter a dread of daylight.

THE WELLINGTON.

Bold, martial, in style—twice designed for the face
Of England's Great Captain and Shakespeare's Grace,
Of whose talents and virtues, many a noble name,
Which in war, in desert, in council and in love,
See the finely-arched brow, dark hair and beard,
So he braves down his face by thousands and more;
Again, mark the angles, how pointed, the nose,
True he carries his point, in advance or retreat.

But to descend from the lofty strain of poetry to humble prose, it is an unquestionable fact that this Hat is designated the Wellington, not for the popularity of the name alone, but for the reason that such was actually worn by him, and, in truth, it is a shape uncommonly well suited both to his face and person; the former being a sort of long oval, and the latter without the least appearance of bulk; indeed, a ponderous body, tall or short, with a round, or what is vulgarly termed a pudding face cannot judiciously shelter itself under a Wellington. This Hat is not only particularly becoming the person of his Grace, but the reason is that in its appearance which is strongly characteristic of his great mind; for, to an excellently formed crown of about eight inches deep, overspreading an inch at top, there is united a fine-arched brim of small dimensions, taking a smartish sweep of the fourth part of a circle, and when placed on the head somewhat a la militaire, carries with it an uncommon degree of brilliancy and fire; and the fore and hind parts terminating in a close point, clearly shews that whether advancing or retreating, this modern Caesar is always sure to carry his point.

A BIT OF BLOOD.

What animation, life, and fire,
This little hat inherits;
One half the world would be the better,
If known but half its merits.
For climates—seasons—sexes—ending—
The Church—the Law—the King;
For Widows, Wives, Old Men and Maids,
A 'Bit of Blood' the thing.

Independent of the descriptive lines, it must be admitted that a 'Bit of Blood' is a term naturally implying something upon a small scale, which is the fact, and although there is not that dignity of style in the above Hat, which characterises the Viscount, the Wellington, &c., there is a lively, animated, and vigorous fire in all its features, that will not allow of any falling off in the general comparison. To give a complete catalogue of the many virtues belonging to a 'Bit of Blood,' would exceed the allotted limits, but it cannot be amiss to detail a few of the more prominent, that all, whose necessities may bear to the point, should be benefited by the wearing: first then, it is admirably calculated for those who are about to ask favours,

such being more readily granted when they seem less wanted, and no one could suppose that the saucy animation which would be so strongly visible under this Hat could make the application from necessity; secondly, it will be of singular advantage to elderly gentlemen about to marry young widows, who nine times in ten decide on the choice of a man from the cock of his Hat; thirdly, (not that there is much need of it for such a purpose now-a-days) its advantages for those that are tormented with duns, are incalculable, for, by being placed pretty firm on the head, inclining rather to one side, at the same time, assuming a sharp erect position of the body, a stern direction of the eye, and arms a-kimbo, the devil himself, in the shape of a creditor, would hardly hazard the repetition of a visit.

THE VISCOUNT.

For style and design, not excelled in the trade,
For science and skill, his perfection displayed,
For shape, make, and beauty, the London is tried,
The Viscount's Hat, created by Lloyd.
Thus the Arts, like the Buses, are joined hand in hand,
At the greatest of masters, Robert Lloyd's in the Strand.

What a pleasing reflection, all things considered that near as the human form may approach to perfection, still that form is capable of being improved by ingenuity; but then, the difficulty is to decide on what really are improvements: for instance, some will admire a fine slope in the coat-skirts, tapering off like the tail of a goose; some will put on the frack; others, again, admire the pantaloons; and many give a decided preference to inexpressibles. But the Viscount, as a Hat, is the very master-piece of inventive taste, wherein all admiration must of necessity centre, having not only in its general appearance an elegant and manly front, but a pleasing harmony of parts, all tending to produce an agreeable union of taste, fashion, and fancy.

ORIGIN OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

"Divine art, the stars above
Were fixed on thy birth to guide;
Oh, born of beauty and of love,
What early poetry was thine!"

The influence of human night
Upon human summer day,
One planet gave us vision light,
Enough to guide a lover's way:
And gave the form as it played
The semblance of a silvery show;
And as its waters fell, they made
A music meet for such an hour;
That, and the tones the gentle wind
Went from the leaf, as from a lute,
In natural melody combined.
Now that all order round was mute;
And colours floated on the air,
As many a nymph had just unloosed
The wreath that banded her dark hair,
And flung the fragrant tresses round.
Pillow'd on velvet leaves, which press'd
With the sweet chamber with their sight,
Laid by the lyre's low notes to rest;
A Grecian youth in slender dress;
And at his side a maid in stuns,
The dark hair braided on her brow;
The blue within her slender bones,
But hush'd all its music now;
She would not wake him from his dream:
At length she had so much to say,
Although the morning's earliest beam
Will see her warrior far away:
How fond and earnest is the gaze
Upon those sleeping features thrown,
She who yet never dared to raise
Her timid eyes to meet his own.

She looks her lover's rest above,
Unconscious with gentle hopes and fears,
And that unutterable love
Which never yet spoke but in tears!
She would not that those tears should fall
Upon the cherub's sleeper's face;
She turns, and sees upon the wall
In faded shade, the perfect grace—
With eager hand she marks each line—
The shadowy brow, the arching head—
Till some creative power divine
Love's likeness o'er love's shadow spread:
Since then, what passion and what power
Has dwelt upon the painter's art!
How has he smother'd the absent hour,
With looks that wear life's loveliest part!

L. E. L.

THE SPANIARD'S TREASURE.

A series of tales from the earliest periods to the close of the 17th century, under the name of *Spanish Novels*,—the work, besides the translations, consisting of biographical and critical notices, from the pen of Thomas Roscoe, Esq.,—has just been published in London. One of the stories is as follows. The cavalier, it must be understood, has quite exhausted his resources.

"Here was a sad revolution in Don Pablo's affairs, and it proved a great hindrance to his studies, in which he had always shewn a decided predilection for the theory, in preference to the practice of the law. He imagined himself already seized and incarcerated for debt, and that he was become the jest of all the place, particularly of the students, who would be infinitely amused at the notoriety of his adventures. For this reason, he took speedy leave of his companion, and sought shelter among the shady elms and poplars that skirt the banks of the river Henares, till he arrived at a little wood, in which he soon disappeared. But not yet thinking himself secure enough from the searching eye of the alguazils—suspecting even the fidelity of his late companion, he mounted into a lofty poplar, whose thick umbrageous arms completely sheltered him from public view. Having found a secure seat, he there first gave himself up to his melancholy forebodings, in which he was doomed to beguile his

time until the shades of evening should afford him a safer escort to proceed on his way. He was bent on doing as far as possible from Alcala and his creditors, though he felt assured they would hold him in so much respect as not to meddle with much of his substance during his absence, which he meant should continue some special long time. He now repented of his extreme folly, and prayed heartily that in future he might be endowed with grace to conduct himself with more prudence and discretion. In this perplexed state of idle repentance, weak resolutions, and weary prayers to be released from his manifold difficulties and anxiety, he continued to ruminate some time. He was first roused by the sound of footsteps, and, looking out sharply from his concealment, he saw a well-dressed elderly man, well known to him, and a native of Alcala. His name was Rosino, a most industrious genius, who had contrived to raise himself from nothing to a respectable and even lucrative condition; for he had married his daughter to a man of letters, and established his two sons in a promising way, if they would only have turned out half as good as their father. One, however, assumed the air of a scully; the other became a gambler; and, in short, what the father had amassed by long economy and adorning of his brains, his hopeful sons dissipated by bringing themselves into all kinds of scrapes and excesses. The sagacious old gentleman, seeing the need at which he was going down hill, after all his efforts in climbing up it, judged it would be wise to stop a little short of the bottom. 'At this rate,' thought he, 'what will become of me when I am an Alcala?—(he was not then quite seventy!)—My dear, blessed, and long-suffering wife is dead and gone, and I can no longer keep my house together against the violence of these scamp-sons; they would ruin a nation. Alas! he continued, 'they have turned it inside out!—there is no one now that cares to go by a single shilling—nay, by heavens, they have broken through stone walls and locks, and ransacked my drawers and boxes! They have stripped me to the skin. Yet why talk only of my spendthrift sons?—there is my son-in-law, a man of letters, my daughter, and ten grand-children, all as greedy as the rest; and when they come to see me, it is only for what cash and all can carry away with them. I have continued hot water. Like an old soldier on active service, I have to fight to the last, surrounded by intricate enemies. Yes, I shall be ruined! I see as plainly as that poplar tree—(there our hero drew his breath)—there is nothing left for it but to scold my own money, and hide as much of it as I can get! In this way the old man went on lamenting himself, such to the edification of the student, at the same time proceeding to count out of a large yellow bag, one by one, a thousand crowns in hard gold. He had come to the resolution of concealing them in the thickest part of the wood, where no wicked relations could have any further chance of finding them. So, cautiously wrapping them up in a cat-skin, which he had prepared for the purpose, in order the better to secure and protect them, he set to work to find an appropriate bank for their safe deposit. With this view, he approached the thicket tree on which he had before fixed his eyes for an apt illustration of his hard case, and from whose venerable branches Don Pablo had contemplated the whole proceeding. With his usual caution, the old merchant looked earnestly around him, on every side and in every direction, except above his head; till, finding all safe and quiet, he took from his pocket a large garden-knife, and with singular dexterity began to excavate a little savings' bank at the foot of the tree. He first made some neat incisions in the green turf, which he carefully removed, and then hollowed out the earth till he had made a reasonably sized aperture, when he stooped and breathed a little from his labours. Next he took the gold, which after wistfully gazing at some moments, he still more carefully deposited in the hole, observing, at the same time: 'Heaven defend mine of least from all evil hands; as Heaven knows it is mine with good intent, to befriend a poor man in his old days, instead of his being driven to beg alms from door to door, besides saving a mass or two for his soul when he is gone, which I doubt his own sons would never have the grace to see done!' Saying these words, he proceeded to replace the earth, and fix the sward exactly in the manner he had found them. Moreover, that he might be at no loss to recognize the precise spot where he had deposited his treasure, he carved with the same knife in the bark of the said tree the following letters in large capitals, each as we see used for grand inscriptions at our cathedrals:—'HERE.' He then looked very complacently around him, as if congratulating himself on his providential labours; and returned, well satisfied with the security of his money, to rejoin his friends at Alcala. Meantime Don Pablo, intent on all that had passed permitted the old gentleman to pass without the slightest molestation. He even maintained his seat till evening; but then he descended from his aerial position, and forthwith began to repeat the same operation which the old man had shortly concluded. He guessed so well that he hit at once upon the hidden treasure, which he began to count at his leisure, and found it amounted to not less than five hundred. But the night having set in, Don Pablo was at a loss to make out whether the precious pieces were doubloons, gold crowns, or penny-pieces. It was his good fortune, however, to find that the whole consisted of doubloons; and as to reconciling his conscience to turn them away with though he had some qualms, he consoled himself with the mental reversion, that he would certainly one day restore them, when somewhat more inconvenient to him than just at present. He

then proceeded smartly on his way, after first inscribing, by way of rejoinder upon the tree, under the emphatic word *HERE*, the following couplets:—

'Here came one who could not see
The man who saw him from this tree;
May fortune grant ere long he may
The money that was stolen repay.'

All this led Don Pablo seriously to reflect; next to repent of his errors; then to resolve, and upon resolutions to lay the foundation of a reformed life.—He grew discreet, studied hard, and avoided all undue extravagance and display. Indeed, he applied the remainder of his time at the University to such good purpose, that he rose high in credit with all classes. He succeeded so well in his profession, that in a short period he was raised to the decretal chair in the University, and was in no want of the approbation and patronage of men of rank and influence. In a very brief period he became both honoured and wealthy, acquired the reputation of a distinguished pleader, and formed an union with the daughter of a man of great landed property, so as to assure him a fixed rank and station among the chief families of Alcala. It was now Don Pablo had leisure to think of the good turn which a certain old gentleman named Rosino had once served him, as we have seen. As bonded in honour, as well as in conscience, he immediately restored not only the capital with the entire interest, but did every thing to forward the interests of his family, and to oblige him in every respect. And true it was, as the old gentleman had predicted it would ensue from his graceless sons, although they had paid the forfeit. He found him begging his way from door to door; one of his sons had died, and the other met with the accident of being hanged. Moreover, he assured Don Pablo, it was a wonder he had not himself died when he returned to claim his secret treasure, and instead of it found only the said inscription upon the tree. He would certainly have hanged himself from one of its branches, but for the consolatory tenor of the last line, which held out a sort of promise of restitution. Upon this single hope he had ever since lived, and never ceased to pray, and weary Heaven that the thief might be forgiven and permitted to prosper, in order the sooner to be enabled to clear his conscience by refunding the whole sum with interest, as early as convenient. To these prayers, indeed, the old man attributed Don Pablo's sudden reformation and subsequent success; and he often declared, that unless the borrower had been honourable enough to leave his note of hand upon the tree, he should perhaps never have thought of praying for his reformation; that consequently Don Pablo would have gone on in his old course; have come to some bad end; and he himself, without Heaven's help, never have seen his money more.

From the Atlas.

A LONDONER'S VISIT TO PARIS.

The Literary Gazette gives us an entertaining notice of a new publication entitled 'The Narrative of a Journey and Visit to the Metropolis of France; embracing, together with a few incidental reflections, a General Description and Historical Account of the Principal Places, Public Edifices, and other Remarkable Objects, which render so attractive that much-frequented and interesting Capital: by George Clayton, junior,'—from which we select some portions for the amusement of the readers of the Atlas.

'Mr. Clayton, junior, is a conqueror in travelling; his modest epigraph is "*Veni, vidi, vici*—thus—!" but, in the midst of his glory, he displays a charming trait of filial affection, for his book is thus inscribed:

'To
Mrs. John Clayton,
In obedience to whose request
The following Narrative was expressly prepared,
And is now
Most respectfully presented,
As the sincere, though inadequate expression
of
Filial affection, gratitude, and esteem,
By her
Dutiful and attached son,
GEORGE.'

Could the mother of the Gracchi have more cause for exultation?

We next learn, by a *Preface*, that this is the second edition, which is ventured by the author "under the sanction of a confident assurance that his little book will again meet with indulgence," &c. &c. The *Preface* is followed by an *Apology*, and the *Apology* by an *Introduction* (for though this *magnus opus* is only of ninety-five pages, there is nothing wanting of a perfect book); with the particulars of which we beg to make our readers acquainted. And, first, of the *Apology*:—"To satisfy (says Mr. Clayton, jun.) the anticipated interrogation of some who, probably, will inquire from what motive or for what purpose the ensuing narrative was printed, the writer, by way of reply, begs respectfully to state, that its publication may be truly affirmed to have originated in obedient compliance to the renewed and repeated desire of several friends who requested its perusal, and the unguarded declaration of which he sincerely and deferentially hopes will prove sufficient to disarm allippant Criticism of her ungracious strictures, and disprove forbidding Presumption of her unbecoming effrontery."

As we are neither of the flippant, critical, nor the forbidding presumptuous school, our remarks must be the reverse of ungracious strictures or unbecoming effrontery. In truth, we love Mr. Clayton, and his journal, written, as he benevolently explains, "at subsequent periods of time,"—not all at once, "and in detached portions"—not all together; and which

he presents "to the perusal of the reader with much humble diffidence and concomitant dissatisfaction." But, moreover, to "disrobe" unbecoming effrontery, it was, he adds, "entirely prepared during these interstices of time which were not filled up with the absorbent occupation of mercantile engagements—indited from the imperfect reminiscences of a defective and rather oblivious memory—and drawn up at a season when, if not entirely obliterated, the vividness of impression had, in a great measure, considerably abated; for it will not be controverted, he presumes, that impression is a kind of inspiration highly necessary, and exceedingly helpful to infuse vivacity or impart relevancy to those descriptions, in which are portrayed those objects, the spectacle of which was very likely to produce a varied and forcible effect upon the mind of the observer of them. Therefore, he is readily inclined to believe that his delineations will appear much after the same infelicitous condition with those of the unaided effusions of an uninspired and uninitiated scribbler, whose thoughts had never been impregnated by a draught from the sacred stream that laves the fabled mount of Helicon; or favoured with the requisite allusions or impulses of the august and venerated Nine; and whom genius, in fiction, has ever been wont to invoke as the dispensers of inspiration, as the infusers of wisdom, and as the beneficent and benevolent patronesses of all who, in this manner, beseech their auspicious favour."

To which, as Sancho Panza wisely saith, "there can be no reply." We pass over the introduction, which is not less a fine specimen of the Claytonian style, and come at once to the important journey, when, "every necessary arrangement having been made and properly adjusted, in company with his father, mother, brother, and a friend, the narrator took his departure from Finsbury, on Monday, the 10th of August, 1829, at 10 o'clock p.m., for Brighton, towards the accomplishment of the purpose as noted in the foregoing paragraph, and from which fashionable and much-frequented town, as a watering-place, some of the above party were to take ship for the French coast."

[We omit an account of the voyage, and the observations of the traveller at Dieppe, but proceed with him in the Diligence, on his way to Paris.]

Many things excited the wonder and risibility of the intelligent travellers; and Mr. Clayton puts on the Cockney character to perfection in painting some of these oddities.

"Respecting the boats of the postilion," he humourously remarks, "the nearest comparison that I can make is, to a jammed chimney-pot, surmounted by a cow reversed, with its top downwards, and answering by way of receptacle for the foot. The difference consists in the lustre of the chimney-pot when compared with the dirty and dingy appearance of these exceedingly curious boats. This strange spectacle was an irresistible provocation to laughter, and an incentive to merriment; for only picture to yourself the grotesque figure of the postilion, and the deplorable condition of the half-starved and infirm quadrupeds, and the still more singular intertexture of the harness by which they were attached to the diligence, and propelled along by the unremitting flagellation and merciless coercion of the sanguinary thong."

How one must have laughed! But our author's observations upon French farming are of a more philosophical kind, and we strenuously recommend them to our agriculturists.

"One striking peculiarity the mode of French farming is, that the sheaves of grain are placed with their ears downwards, upon the ground, and then tied at the top with a band of straw, which give them a pyramidal form, and rather mean appearance—a mode which differs considerably, both in shape, aspect, and elegance, from the English method of gathering up the sheaf. Whether the English method is preferable to the French I cannot pretend to determine. The reason adduced by the French farmers for this peculiar construction of their sheaves is, that the ears of grain may not be moistened by the showers of rain; and provided the rain did never descend violently, or remain long in its continuance, the reason might carry with it some validity and expediency; but should the pluvial torrent precipitate strongly, and that for several hours of many successive days, so as to penetrate to the base of the sheaf, I apprehend the ears would be likely to suffer damage, to germinate or corrupt; at all events, and in all probability, they would contract an earthy taste, with the concomitancy of a disagreeable effluvia, to say nothing of the maturing rays of the sun, which assuredly, is one great advantage obtained by the method which the English farmers adopt in the exposure of *theirs* to the sun's ripening influence."

This comparison is almost enough to set the farmers of the two countries by the ears.

At Rouen, our traveller, strange to say, found the church of St. Omer!! which is equal to our Lady of Lorette's miraculous flight any day. The cooking of the hotel was not to his taste, and he had a "mealless dinner," but made up a little by ordering tea and coffee for supper: and set off at 10 P. M. for the capital, while "Morpheus presided over nature, sound asleep." Here Mr. C. jun. becomes exquisitely poetical; he says, or rather sings, with all the pathos of a Petrarch—

'The fair moon, taking her nocturnal promenade along the cloudless azure and stellar canopy of heaven, walked in all the soft refulgency of her highest and

*We rejoice to say, it seemed to have got back to St. Omer, where Mr. C. saw it, on his return, a week or ten days after. p. 76.

brighest glory,—the very night, according to the fictions, tales and romance of *imagination's* fantastic record, as would have suited a melancholic pensiveness, a sentimental solitude, a chivalrous spirit, bent on some Quixotic deed of brave adventure—just the night for maid and swain to woo and whisper love.—a night, in fine, singularly congenial to those meditative reflections, and that peculiar, inexplicable, romantic, and musing order of phantasy, or impression, or feeling, which give to

'Airy nothings,
A local habitation and a name.'

[We have not room for more at this time.]

BYRON'S VIEWS OF SOCIETY AND FRIENDSHIP.—Talking one day on the difference between men's actions and thoughts, a subject to which he often referred, he observed that it frequently happened that a man who was capable of superior powers of reflection and reasoning when alone, was trifling and common place in society. "On this point," (said he,) I speak feelingly, for I have remarked it of myself, and have often longed to know if other people had the same defect, or the same consciousness of it, which is, that when in solitude, my mind was occupied in serious and elevated reflection, in society it sinks into a trifling levity of tone, that in another would have called forth new disapprobation and disgust. Another defect of mine is, that I am so little fastidious in the selection, or rather want of selection, of associates, that the most stupid men satisfy me quite as well, nay, perhaps better, than the most brilliant, and yet, all the time they are with me I feel, even while descending to their level, that they are unworthy of me, and what is worse, that we seem in point of conversation so nearly on an equality, that the effort of letting myself down to them costs me nothing, though my pride is hurt, that they do not seem more sensible of my condescension. When I have sought what is called good society, it was more from a sense of propriety and keeping my station in the world, than from any pleasure it gave me, for I have been always disappointed, even in the most brilliant and clever of my acquaintances, by discovering some trait of egotism, or insularity, that I was too egotistical and futile to pardon, as I find that we are least disposed to overlook the defects we are most prone to. Do you think as I do on this point?" (said Byron.) I answered, "That as a clear and spotless mirror reflects the brightest images, so is goodness ever most prone to see good in others; and as a sullied mirror shows its own defects in all that it reflects, so does an impure mind tinge all that passes through it." Byron laughingly said, "That thought of yours is pretty, and just, which all pretty thoughts are not, and I shall pop it into my next poem. But how do you account for this tendency of mine to trifling and levity in conversation, when in solitude my mind is really occupied with serious reflections?" I answered, "That this was the very cause—the bow cannot remain always bent; the thoughts suggested to him in society were the reaction of a mind strained to its limit, and reposing itself after exertion; as also that feeling the inferiority of the persons he mixed with, the great powers were not excited, but lay dormant and supine, collecting their force for solitude." This opinion pleased him, and when I added that great writers were rarely good talkers, and *vice versa*, he was still more gratified. He said he had disliked every-day topics of conversation, he thought it a waste of time; but that if he met a person with whom he could, as he said, think aloud, and give utterance to his thoughts on abstract subjects, he was sure it would excite the energies of his mind, and awaken sleeping thought that wanted to be stirred up. "I like to go home with a new idea," (said Byron,) it sets my mind to work, I enlarge it, and it often gives birth to many others; this one can only do in a *forte a teo*. I felt the advantage of this in my rides with Hoppner at Venice; he was a good listener, and his remarks were acute and original; he is besides a thoroughly good man, and I knew he was in earnest when he gave me his opinions. But conversation, such as one finds in society, and, above all, in English society, is uninteresting as it is artificial, and few can leave the best, with the consolation of carrying away with him a new thought, or of leaving behind him an old friend." Here he laughed at his own antithesis, and added, "By Jove it is true; you know how people abuse or quiz each other in England the moment one is absent; each is afraid to go away before the other, knowing that, as is said in the School for Scandal, he leaves his character behind. It is this certainty that excites me to myself for abusing my friends and acquaintances in their absence. I was once accused of this by an *ami intime*, to whom some devilish good natured person had repeated what I had said of him: I had nothing for it but to plead guilty, adding, you know you have done the same by me fifty times, and yet you see I never was affronted, or liked you less for it; on which he laughed, and we were as good friends as ever. Mind you (a favourite phrase of Byron's) I never heard that he had abused me, but I took it for granted, and was right. So much for friends."—*Countess of Blessington*.

LOVE OF POETS.—Of late he had strange notions: he said that most people felt the *brûle d'amour*, and with this *brûle* in the first person that fell in one's way contented one. He maintained that people who possessed the most imagination, (e. g. poets) were most likely to be constant in their attachments, as, with the *beau idéal* in their heads, with which they identified the object of their attachment, they had nothing to desire, and viewed their mistresses through the brilliant medium of fancy, instead of the common one of the eyes. "A poet, therefore," (said Byron) endows the

mar.24. Cor. Broadway and Chambers st. N.Y.